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MARCH 29 1902

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COLLIER'S

EASTER NUMBER 1902



PLEASURE!



AEOLIAN ORCHESTRILLE, STYLE V. PRICE, \$1,500

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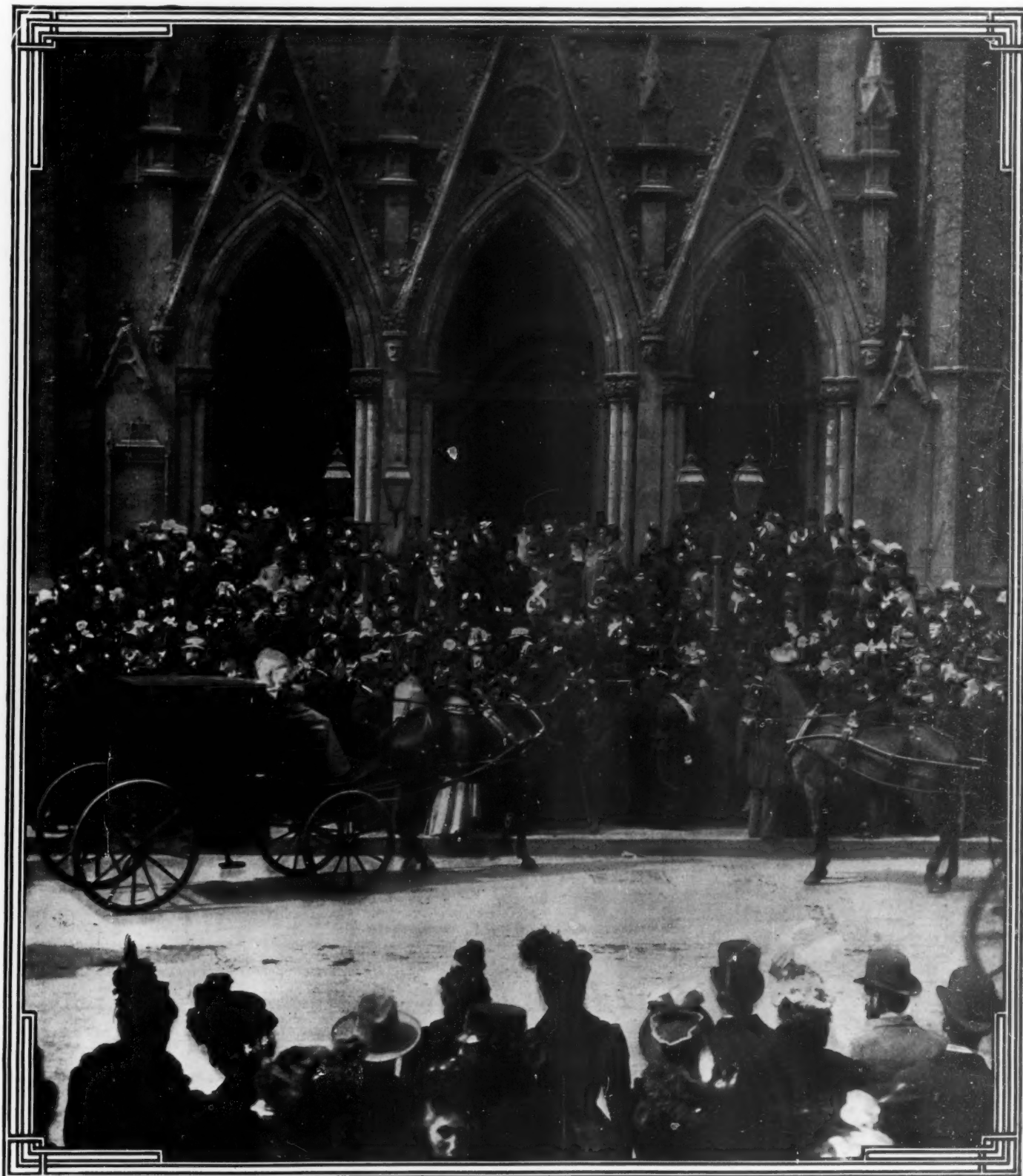
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VOL TWENTY-EIGHT NO 26

NEW YORK MARCH 29 1902

PRICE TEN CENTS



A FASHIONABLE FIFTH AVENUE CHURCH ON EASTER SUNDAY

Perhaps no city in the world, unless it be Paris, can offer a scene of greater beauty and animation than is presented on Fifth Avenue, New York, after the Easter church services are over. Beautiful women, magnificent costumes and handsome equipages are the principal factors that, combined, make this fashionable thoroughfare a sight worth going far to witness at least once a year—on Easter Sunday



DRAWN BY CHARLES HOPE

OFF FOR CUBA—AMERICA'S NEW WINTER RESORT

During the past winter the attractions of Cuba, our new island ward, appealed strongly to tourists and health-seekers from all parts of the United States. Now that spring, the most trying season of the year in the Northern States, is upon us, the southbound steamers are carrying many travellers to sleepy old Havana. That historic city has become a successful rival of the Mediterranean resorts, and with the influx of American residents is fast becoming transformed into a typical Anglo-Saxon resort. The scene is on the deck of a West India liner, entering the tropical seas

The GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY



By Count Cassini



Russian Ambassador



THE CZAR

IN THE COMPLETION of the line which gives direct railway communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, Russia has accomplished one of the greatest feats which will distinguish the twentieth century and has inaugurated an enterprise destined in a great measure to change the economic situation of the whole world.

For thousands of years eastern Asia and the islands of the eastern Pacific had been barred from Western commerce by an almost insurmountable distance; her commercial exports and imports attainable only after long sea voyages. Russia, occupying as it does one-sixth of the surface of the globe and, with its internal waters, covering 8,646,100 English square miles, lying at the west of these Eastern countries, had for nearly a century contemplated a method of providing an outlet for their trade; but between European Russia and the Pacific lay her own vast, almost impenetrable and unexplored possession, Siberia. How to span her unbroken forests, her mountain fastnesses, her morassed valleys, and her deep, swift-flowing rivers seemed an immutable difficulty.

But the enlightened Alexander III., Czar and Autocrat of all the Russias from 1881 to 1894, saw the possibility of a railway which would connect the two oceans and bring the Eastern world into contact and touch with the Western. For many years the Russian Government, under the direction of this most worthy Czar, who justly has been called the Czar Liberator and Pacifier, had been devising methods for the improvement and progress of Siberia, and being convinced that a railway through its immense territory would not only be a means in this direction but would also be a mighty power in commerce and civilization, had the route surveyed through Siberia and plans made for the construction of the line.

WHAT HAPPENED TEN YEARS AGO

Under instructions from his father his Imperial Highness, our present Czar, but then Grandduke Tsesarvich, travelled over the entire projected line, and on the 9th of May, 1891, with his own hands filled a wheelbarrow with earth and emptied it on the embankment of the future Ussuri line and then laid the first stone for the construction of the great Siberian Railway. He was subsequently appointed by his father as president of the Trans-Siberian Railway Committee, and work was commenced at the two widely divergent ends of the herculean undertaking. For nine years and seven months it has gone on without a day's interruption to its marvellously successful termination.

What the construction of this railway has meant has scarcely been grasped by the average reader. It is the largest railway enterprise in the world; it covers, with its Manchurian and other branches, a distance of 5,542 miles, and it passes through a country whose vastness of territory can only be realized by comparison. The Russias comprise nearly 9,000,000 square miles in domain. The whole of the United States, with its 4,000,000 square miles, could be placed bodily within the limits of Siberia alone and there would still be sufficient room to put in all of Canada. At her feet lies 7,000 miles of Asiatic frontier, and her northern and eastern shores are washed by the waters of two oceans and five seas. To take, in connection with this almost boundless extent of country, the fact that by far the greater part of it was comparatively unknown, much of it never trodden by the foot of civilized man before, and some conception of the difficulties of this railway construction can be appreciated.

But to a Russian no obstacle is insurmountable when his Czar commands, and with magnificent courage the enterprise was prosecuted. Seventy thousand workmen with picks, sledges and axes, steam shovels and dredges, pushed their way, day by day, further and further into the wilderness. Neither cold nor heat, the floods and mud of springtime, nor the snows and ice-intrahled earth of winter deterred them. On, they went, with but one object in view—to build the road which would link the Eastern and Western worlds into a common brotherhood.

OBSTACLES ALMOST INSURMOUNTABLE

The awful difficulties of construction, besides the discomfort of and menace to life, meant the expenditure of great sums of money. Russia has already put into her Trans-Siberian Railway much more than the amount which it is anticipated that the United States will invest in the Isthmian waterway. In the nine and a half years Russia has been building her great railway she has expended upon it more than \$400,000,000.

It has been intimated quite pointedly during the progress of this construction that the road was being put up in an unsubstantial manner; that the roadbed was slightly thrown together; that the rails were too light for use. Such stories are fabrication, and now that travel has actually begun over the entire line they can easily be proven such. They of course emanate either from malice or ignorance, and this latter is not surprising, as heretofore so little has been known of Siberia. It was only last spring that a reputable London daily

announced with great solemnity one morning that hundreds of miles of the Trans-Siberian Railway had been flooded by the recent freshets and completely washed away into the Arctic Ocean, and followed the announcement with a lengthy homily on the flimsy construction of the entire line. The "recent freshet" referred to by the English periodical would of necessity have had to have been a veritable Noah's flood to have "washed the roadbed into the Arctic Ocean," as its nearest point to that body of water is at least a thousand miles away!

The Trans-Siberian line has one of the best roadbeds in the world. It is of standard gauge, firmly ballasted, and all of its permanent bridges are of steel. It has been built to withstand the rigors of a Russian winter, the freshets of the mighty streams of that country, and it has been built on as firm a basis as is known to engineering skill.

A WONDERFUL FEAT

The most difficult feat of engineering on the line—and in fact all others pale into insignificance in comparison to it—is that in connection with Lake Baikal, that inland fresh water sea of Siberia. It lies in the southern part of the country toward the east. In extent it is as long as the kingdom of England, varying from twenty-six to thirty miles in breadth and covering an area of 12,500 miles. It lies in a cleft of the Baikal and Bargazinsk Mountains 1,560 feet above sea level,

fifteen or twenty miles along the line, at which there is a well-built, thoroughly equipped brick or stone station house in which the station master with his family and the guards live. I might add here that these guards and station-masters always wear the Russian uniform, and probably for that reason are often confused by travellers with the Russian soldiers, which may account for the stories that have appeared in print of the vast army with which the Russian Government has lined her new railway. A very peaceful soldiery they certainly will prove to be!

As yet more attention has been given to emigrant travel and freightage than to any other class. For it the rates have been made exceedingly low and a certain amount of baggage and household effects has been carried free. The comfort of the emigrant trains has been looked after and at certain stations the country people have been allowed to erect stalls where good but inexpensive food is on sale. For the through travel from Paris, St. Petersburg and Moscow trains de luxe with every modern luxury have been provided. Many Pullman sleepers and drawing-room cars are in use, with libraries, writing-desks, barber shops and bath-rooms. The dining cars are unexcelled, and all of these trains are fitted with every appliance which steam and electricity can suggest.

BUILT BY RUSSIANS ONLY

That of which Russia is most proud in connection with this Trans-Siberian line is that it was built by the Russians themselves, and that every dollar expended upon it came out of the Russian Treasury. Not an American, English, German or French engineer was employed in the survey of the projected road, not one helped to put it into execution. Russian brains devised and planned it; from the general resources of the Russian Treasury Russian money built it. To understand how this latter was possible one need but glance at the ordinary income of the Russian Government. Last year the revenues from the property owned by the state, such as the forests, rails, steel, iron, and other works, mineral and other lands, railroad bonds, etc.; that from the royalties on mines, mints, postal, telegraph, telephones and sale of spirits; the incomes from payments by peasants of annuities for land allotted to them after their liberation; the income from indirect taxes, from various stamp duties, and other miscellaneous receipts amounted in all to \$792,000,000. It was not an exceptional year, and it explains how the government could, year by year, build its great Trans-Siberian Railway from its general resources. Nor were the Russian people unduly taxed to do this. That the money came from the revenues of the rapid development of the resources of the country is shown in that during the past ten years their deposits in the savings banks of the country have increased from \$22,000,000 to \$284,000,000.

That this gigantic enterprise—this Trans-Siberian Railway—will open up vast untold-of avenues of commerce is true beyond peradventure. Its construction alone has foretold this. The United States has supplied more than \$8,000,000 worth of its needed rails, iron, steel and machinery; nor have England and Germany been far behind her. On the broad prairies of the fast-developing Siberia car-loads of American flour and products have been finding their way. By this road the markets of the Pacific have been placed 2,000 miles nearer the inland towns of Asia than are those of western Europe. What will this not mean to American business men and what will it not add to the value of the Philippine markets?

A NEW SIBERIA COMING

A new Siberia will evolve from this railway. For ages that mighty country, from the silent frozen shores of its north to the smiling, sun-kissed hills of its south, has lain locked in its own solitude; but under the new régime of progress which this railway will inaugurate her waste places will blossom like the rose.

Last year 200,000 emigrants went to seek new homes within its southern boundaries, a district which covers an area four times the size of Germany and with as fine farming land as is to be found on the eastern continent. To the north of this are her countless acres of mineral lands, which will add unlimitedly to the wealth of the country. Siberia is destined to become the highway of Eastern commerce.

All along the line of route of the railway flourishing towns are springing up with something of the rapidity of the American "boom cities." Trade, churches, schools, libraries—commerce and culture—go hand in hand along their wake. Siberia's many navigable rivers cross the railway at a hundred different points; on their waters steamers will bring the products of the interior, and where the rivers do not go Russian canals will supply their place. A network of traffic will ensue. Vladivostok will become one of the greatest railroad centres of the East, and Dulny, that new Chicago of Asia, will not be far behind her. Yes, verily, the Trans-Siberian Railway is destined to become one of the most potent civilizing and commercial forces of the twentieth century.



Count Cassini

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

with a depth varying not less than 800 feet on an average and with a sounding that has reached 4,900 feet. It has a mysterious but distinct ebb and flow, and, from its high altitude and location, is subject to intense cold and terrific storms. In the first surveys of the line it was thought best to transport the trains over this body of water by ferry, and for that purpose an immense ice-crushing steamship ferry was provided at an expense of over \$1,000,000, but the great quantity of freight which appeared almost simultaneously with the opening of the road proved its inadequacy for its purpose. It was then decided to build the line around the south shore of the lake, and that part is now under construction. Two tunnels will have to be cut through the mountains, one of them two miles in length, and the work of constructing this part of the line will be tremendously heavy and difficult.

Although the railway is single-tracked, no pains have been spared to ensure safety and speed for travellers, and facilities for transportation. Every four miles a siding has been put in for freight cars and switching. The roadbed (rails) is five feet broad, the standard gauge for all Russian roads, and the factories of America and England have contributed their best engines and cars for its rolling stock. There is a station every

EDITOR'S NOTE—It will be recalled that it was Count Cassini who, while serving as Russian Envoy at Peking, succeeded in the brilliant stroke of diplomacy which effected the cession of Port Arthur to the government of the Czar. The earnest and repeated request of the Editor of Collier's Weekly has secured from His Excellency the above account of the most important railway terminus of the eastern world.



EASTER LILIES

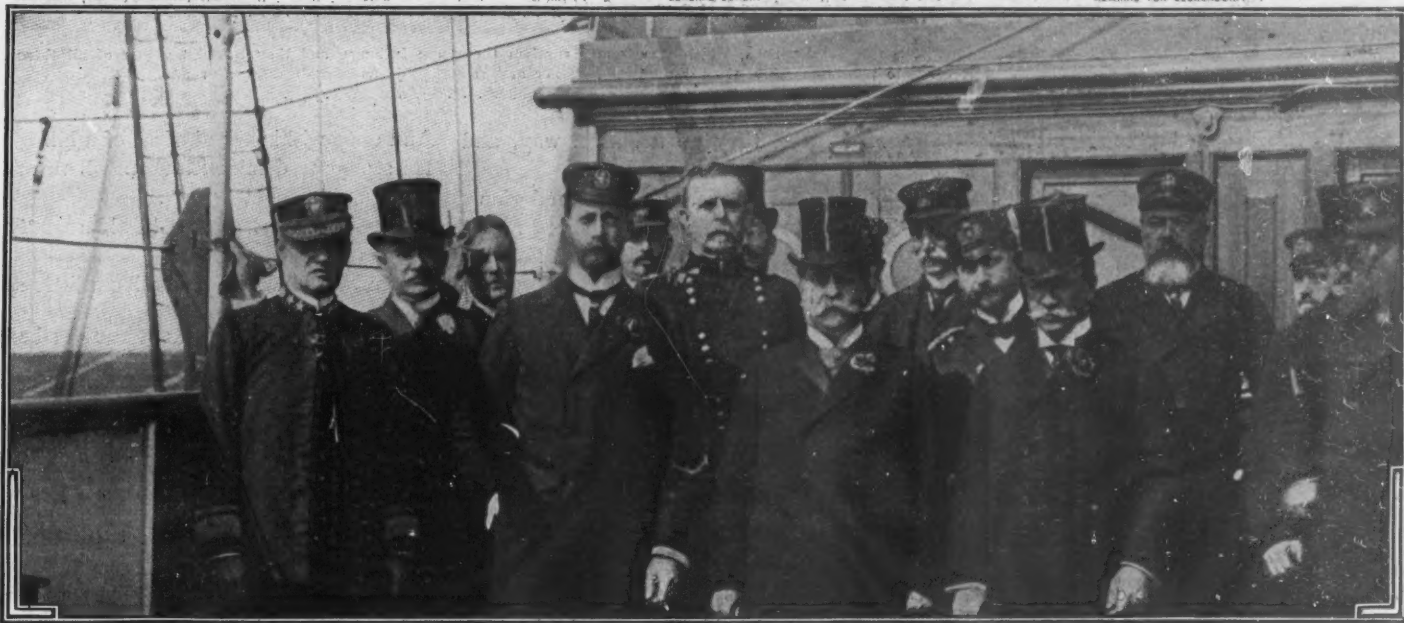
Drawn by Henry Hunt

PRINCE HENRY LEAVES AMERICA'S HOSPITABLE SHORES

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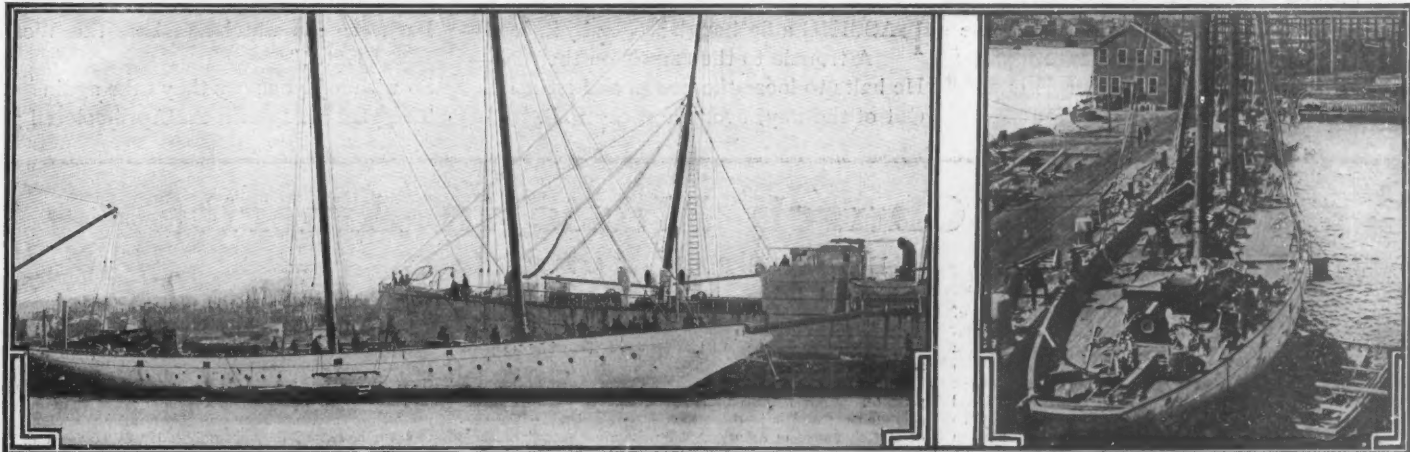
GENERAL CORBIN

ADMIRAL VON BECKENDORFF



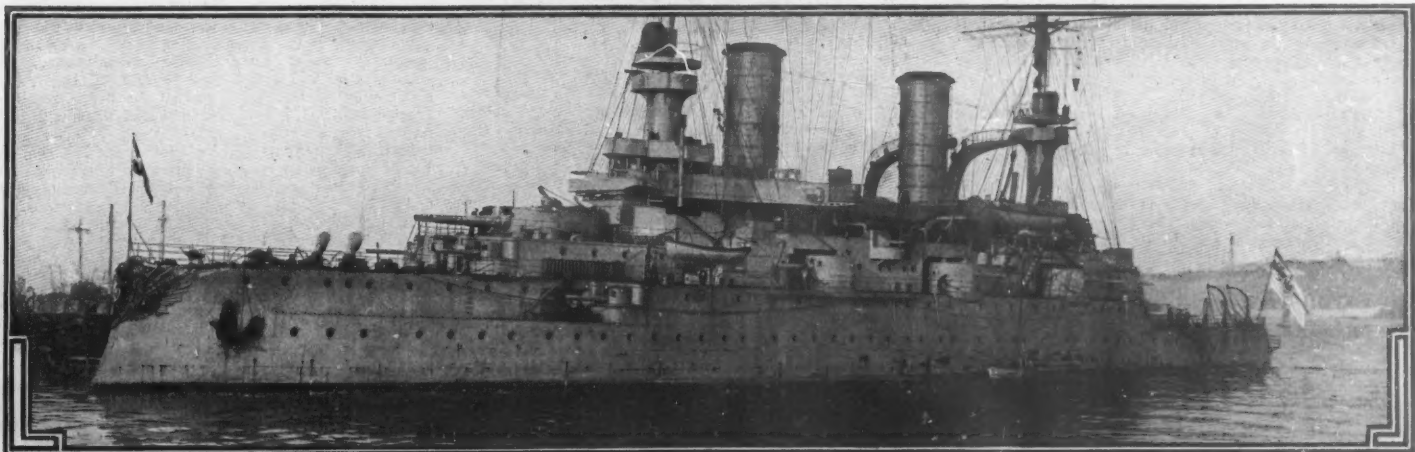
"AUF WIEDERSEHEN!"—Prince Henry of Prussia, officers of his suite and members of his American escort on the deck of the liner "Deutschland" on the afternoon of March 11, immediately before the steamer cast off from her wharf, to carry the royal visitor back to Germany. This is the last picture taken and includes one of the most characteristic photographs of the Prince secured during the visit

COMPLETION OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT "METEOR"



At the Townsend & Downey shipbuilding yards, Shooter's Island, one hundred expert mechanics have been at work for nearly a month past upon the German Emperor's schooner yacht "Meteor," which was launched during Prince Henry's visit. The two masts, 132 feet and 123 feet high, are in position, and the yacht's crew, under Captain "Ben" Parker, hope she will be ready for her trial trip early in April. If this is satisfactory, she will shortly sail for Southampton, where her racing rig is to be fitted. "Meteor" is entered for her first race on the Elbe two days previous to the Kiel regatta under the auspices of the Royal German Yacht Club

GERMANY'S NEW ARMORED CRUISER "PRINZ HEINRICH"



The "Prinz Heinrich" (8868 tons) is the most recently commissioned of the modern armored cruisers of the German Imperial Navy. She is the fifth of her class now afloat, in addition to which the German navy has fourteen first-class and seven second-class battleships, not counting the new war vessel keels laid down within the past year. The "Prinz Heinrich" was built at Kiel

The Way to Emmaus

By EDWIN MARKHAM, Author of "The Man With the Hoe"

And behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem threescore furlongs, and they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near and went with them, but their eyes were holden that they should not know him. . . . —Luke 24. 13-33.

"I SHALL arise again," the Master said—
"Arise from out the nations of the dead."
Then came the Cross, the Darkness, and
the Cry,
The Earthquake and the dead men flee-
ing by;
And now the Third Day and the little flock
Wander the roads or huddle by the rock.
For rumor runs on rumor, and a fear
Trembles in every hope: the Hour is here!

IT IS high noon, and two friends close of
heart,

Under the lifted Hebron Gate depart,
Past red rock-roses down the Jaffa road,
Bearing the mighty sorrow for a load,
Leaving the tumult of the crowded street,
The multitude with shrouds about their feet.
They flee Jerusalem with all her ills,
To ease their hearts among the quiet hills.

ONWARD they go, two comrades close
of soul,

Until beyond Golgotha's bloody knoll,
They turn to look a moment at the flight
Of walls and arches, tremulous with light.
And there toward Olivet, one golden dome
Swims lightly as a bubble blown to foam;
While farther yet with dying purple hue
The ghostly hills of Moab break the blue.

AN HOUR they go a barren way, and
then

The gray road wanders up a watered glen
And there a traveller with quickened feet
Draws near them by a field of heading
wheat,
And finds them reasoning of their love and
loss—

Of Jesus who was nailed upon the cross.
He bids them peace, drawing their troubled
eyes
To a break of almond bloom against the
skies.

AND then with high discourse and soft
rebuke

The stranger talks with Cleopas and Luke:
And tells them how these things had been
foretold—

How all was written in the books of old—
How Christ must suffer at the hands of men,
Must sink to death and hell and rise again.
He tells the news for which all spirits yearn,
And while he speaks their hearts do inly
burn.

PASSING a fig bough broken by its load—
A trouble to the camels on the road—
He halts to loose the bough and let it fall
Out of the way, over the rocky wall.

And once within the shadow of a hill
He stoops to drink with them where waters
spill
Their brightness on the boulders. There
a tree
Blown by the wind sounds like a little sea.

AT LAST the village at the river-head,
And they are saying, "Enter and
break bread.

This is our door; nay, do not leave us yet;
The doves are homing, and the meal is
set."

With something grave and lofty in his air,
He stays his way-worn feet for brother's
fare.

He breaks the loaf and gives to them,
when, lo!
Their eyes are no more holden, and they
know!

ONE moment and he vanishes from sight.
" 'Twas He, 'twas He," they cry, "the
Lord of Light!

Back to the Upper Chamber where they
wait—

Back ere the watchman bars the Western
Gate!"

So with a joyous cry they take again
The glad road down the April-colored glen.

Modern Church Music in America

By GUSTAV KOBBE

NO FOUR WALLS hear so much rubbish in the way of music as those of a church. It is equally true that no four walls hear so much good music as those of a church. For church music in America varies from mawkish drivel, that disgraces the name of religion, to the grandest productions of the great masters. Unfortunately the drivel still has the "ayes," but fortunately genuinely religious music is gaining an ever firmer foothold in American churches.

I say "American" because nowhere else is there this hiatus between drivel and masterpiece in church music. There is no use of mining words in assigning the cause. It is that peculiarly American institution, the "church quartet" or "solo quartet," which is responsible for the low estate of church music in America, especially in the non-liturgical churches. In the liturgical churches, where a vested choir performs the musical services, the higher traditions of church music have been followed. They have formed a rallying-point for musicians, who, appreciating that there was plenty of fine, genuinely sacred music to be had, have declined to introduce a base secular alloy into their church services. Happily, the music in these churches is so elaborate that the "music committee" realizes its own ignorance, and limits its activities to matters of administration, leaving the selection of the singers and the make-up of the programmes to the proper musical authority, who generally unites in himself the functions of organist and choirmaster—is, in fact, the musical director. It is fortunate for the cause of church music in America that even in the non-liturgical churches the musical director is being given more and more scope. For where can be found more hopeless ignorance of music concentrated in fewer individuals than in the average "music committee"?

Doubtless the American "church quartet" originated with some "music committee" composed of hard-fisted business men, who saw in it a compromise between the vested choir of the liturgical churches and the appalling simplicity of the old style precantor, who stood up in the gallery and shouted until he grew red in the face, and resembled a turkey-cock considerably more than a leader in sacred music. I remember a ludicrous incident which showed how certain denominational churches looked upon anything beyond their barren hymn tunes as an attempt to deliver them over to the Evil One. About twenty-five years ago the late William Scharfenberg, whose name was familiar to musicians as a reader and editor for the music publishing house of G. Schirmer, was appointed organist of the famous Rev. Dr. John Hall's church. Mr. Scharfenberg, on his first Sunday, played a simple interlude between two of the verses of the first hymn. Before the second hymn was sung, the sexton came up to the organ loft with a message from Dr. Hall requesting Mr. Scharfenberg not to play any more interludes, as it "marred the congregation's enjoyment of their beloved hymns." I mention this incident, and the further fact that this same congregation now has a fairly elaborate musical service with a solo quar-

ter, to illustrate the advance that has taken place all along the line. Even the most conservative churches in this country no longer are willing to let the devil have all the good music.

The majority of these churches, however, sought to deprive his satanic majesty of this privilege by introducing the solo quartet; and it is this which has retarded the progress of church music in America. The grandest sacred music is choral in character. From this the quartet was barred. As

Photograph by Orlo



a result numerous secular pieces were rearranged, set to religious words, and introduced as "sacred" music. They were "popular"—mawkishly sentimental instead of devout, and more apt to express the love of a young man for the girl he had taken to church than the yearning of a soul to commune with its Maker. Moreover, it started American composers on the wrong track. They began writing church music for a quartet instead of for choral masses. Among works of this kind are those by Dudley Buck, Harry Rowe

Shelley, Peter Schaecker, Arthur Foote, and George W. Chadwick. Their compositions at least possess the merit of having been written originally to sacred words. They are not adaptations. Yet they, too, appeal more to congregations who regard music as a pastime—a pleasant little intermezzo between a prayer and a sermon rather than an integral part of the service. They probably are the best church quartets we have, yet they are only half-way between the secular and the truly sacred. Another American composer of church quartets is Professor Horatio W. Parker of Yale. But it is significant of the advance which church music has made in this country that Professor Parker has abandoned the quartet and has become, through his larger choral works, one of the most noted of living church music composers. To his "Hora Novissima" was accorded the honor of production at the famous Birmingham Festival in England.

I have mentioned the so-called solo quartet of the denominational churches as an incubus on church music in this country. Until recent years there was still another cause for its slow progress found even in one of the liturgical churches, the Episcopal. These churches were in the habit of securing their organists and choirmasters from England. Musically, England is one of the most conservative of nations. It still is steeped in the traditions of Handel and Mendelssohn. Except for a small group of progressive musicians who are active there to-day, it has remained untouched by the great modern movement in music. Consequently not so many years ago the leading Episcopal churches of America, while maintaining English traditions that are by no means to be sneered at, nevertheless remained out of touch with modern musical progress.

In those days you would have found, for instance, on the Easter programmes constant reiteration of such names as Barnby, Stainer and Smart, whose music, though melodious and well written in four parts, is composed in the plainer harmonic style. Now that the English influence is less potent, and when men like Charles Heinrich, Richard Henry Warren, Will McFarlane and Walter C. Gale have charge of the music in churches like the Ascension, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's and All Souls', while a progressive Englishman like Clement R. Gale is at All Angels—these New York churches are well known the country over—the programmes are more progressive. These musicians do not banish the old style English church composition; but they also admit the latest expression in English church music. Thus you doubtless will find among the Easter selections in these or other progressive churches the "Jubilee" service of Sir George Martin of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; or his "Hail, Gladdening Light," an anthem notable for the skilful employment of Gregorian tones with modern harmonization. McPherson, who is sub-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; Elgar, the composer of the brilliant "Cockaigne" overture, which was played by the Boston Symphony and Thomas orchestras this season; West and Villiers Stanford are others in this group of advanced English church composers. Doubt-

THE BULGARIAN BRIGANDS RELEASE MISS STONE



Mme. and M. Tsilka, with their Baby, born during Captivity



Miss Stone Riding through Strumitsa with her Friends

Last September Miss Ellen M. Stone, an American missionary, was captured with her companion, Mme. Tsilka, by Bulgarian brigands in the Turkish Province of Macedonia, bordering on the Bulgarian frontier. The prisoners were carried off into the mountains, the sum of \$112,000 being demanded as ransom. Ultimately they were released upon payment of \$72,500, the whole of the amount obtainable by public subscription in the United States.

The actual transfer of the money was effected secretly through intermediaries. Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka were, on the night of February 23, left outside a village near Strumitsa, Macedonia, sixty miles north of Salonica. At Strumitsa they were met by M. Gargiulo, chief interpreter of the American legation at Constantinople, and Dr. House, a missionary, and by them escorted to the nearest station on the railroad to Salonica, whence the whole party, including M. Tsilka, proceeded to Constantinople.

less their names will, as they should, figure on the Easter programmes. Stanford's "Service" in B flat, and his setting of the Psalm, "God is our Hope and Strength," are particularly well known.

Among the Roman Catholic churches, St. Francis Xavier's, New York, is especially noted among musicians. Gaston M. Dethier, who has charge of the music, has this Easter set himself the stupendous task of producing Liszt's "Grande Messe," with accompaniment of organ and orchestra. This mass may be set down as almost revolutionary in character, comparing with other masses about as a Wagner music-drama does with a Verdi opera. No church could well undertake a more difficult Easter programme than this. Mr. Dethier has one advantage over his Episcopal colleagues. His choir is a "gallery choir." It is upstairs in the gallery, where he can steady it by word and gesture without being heard or seen. In the Episcopal churches, in which elaborate choral services are held, the choir is in the chancel, and there is no opportunity for conducting.

The greatest masters of music composed for the musical services of the Roman Catholic Church, which thus has an enormous library to draw on. Much of it can also be used by the Episcopal churches. The so-called "High" churches give masses entire, and other Episcopal churches can select parts of the Roman mass. Masses heard in whole or in part in the various churches on Easter Sunday include Haydn's "Imperial," Mozart's Twelfth, Schubert's in A, Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and Ambrose Thomas's "Grande Messe." Selections from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," among them the "Hallelujah" chorus, are not infrequently given at Easter; but this composer's masses are not often performed. Beethoven, to put the matter plainly, did not write well for the voice. He handled voices as if they were instruments. As a result they are stiff and inflexible.

"Unfold, ye Portals" from Gounod's "Redemption" and other numbers from that work are favorite Easter selections. Guilman's E flat "Communion Service," Parker's "Service"

in E, and his "Behold, ye Despisers" and "Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay," are examples of sacred music that often find a place on Easter programmes; and the same is true of selections from "The Messiah." Among solos, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," from Händel's most popular oratorio, continues to hold its place in Easter music. Faure's "Les Rameaux" ("The Palms"), though composed, as the name indicates, for Palm Sunday, has been set to words appropriate for Easter, and is frequently sung. It is a popular and effective though a much abused composition. When Plançon sings at a Metropolitan Opera House Sunday night concert, he rarely is allowed to escape without giving "Les Rameaux" as an encore. I once heard Faure's duet, "Le Crucifix," sung at an Opera House concert by Emma Eames and Plançon. Such singing! Since the days when Patti and Scalchi (then in her prime) sang in "Semiramide" together, no example of *bel canto* so exquisite has been heard here.

Not only Easter Sunday itself, but the season immediately preceding the festival, is the occasion for special musical services. This year, on a Thursday evening during Lent, the choirs of St. Thomas's, All Souls' and the Ascension combined secured an orchestra and gave in the last-named church Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Stanford's "God is our Hope and Strength." A remarkable programme was arranged for Wednesday evening before Easter at St. Bartholomew's. It may be taken as a model of what a high-class church musical organization in this country now can accomplish. It was called a "Recital by the Choir," and, except for two solos, consisted wholly of a capella, that is, unaccompanied music. The choral selections evinced refined musical judgment and catholicity of taste, ranging from the antique Italian to the modern Russian, all Russian church music being a capella, the Russian church not admitting an organ. The selections were Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," for double quartet and double chorus, edited by Richard Wagner; Gounod's "Daughters of Jerusalem," and Tchaikowsky's "Pater Noster" and "How Blest are They," the latter for eight-part chorus.

New York Harbor Fire-Swept

MORE spectacular even than the disastrous fire on the Hoboken water-front two years ago, when three North German Lloyd liners were burned, was the recent conflagration which came so near involving all the lower river-front of New York City.

The fire first started after eight in the evening of Tuesday, March 18, among some wicker-work heaped up on the pier of the Phoenix Line, where the steamship *British Queen* lay ready to sail for Antwerp on the following day.

The wind swept the flames into the open hatches of the *British Queen*, which was laden with the same inflammable wares. In a trice the whole ship was afire. When the first alarm of fire was given a hundred stevedores were tramping to and fro over the gangplanks of the *British Queen*, loading the vessel. So quick was the spread of the flames that most of these men and the crew of the steamship could only save themselves by jumping into the river. The chief engineer was down below, but got away from the ship.

A very thrilling escape was that of Captain Herman Anderson of the barge *Tonawanda*, which lay alongside the burning steamship. Anderson placed his wife and child on a cotton bale, whence they had to take to the icy river.

Meanwhile the fierce northwest wind had swept the flames over to the piers of the Barber Line and Holland-America Steamship Company. The steamships lying at these piers were towed out into midstream in the nick of time.

After many exciting incidents two barges lying alongside the *Heathburn* caught fire and were towed flaming into the river to be cast adrift as floating firebrands. The burning barges set fire to several wharfs on the New York side.

The burning barges drifting downstream bumped into pier after pier. On the water-front the New York firemen, headed by Fire Chief Croker in a swift automobile, raced from place to place to meet such emergency. Finally the flaming vessels were swept out into the bay. One went ashore on Governor's Island.

NEW YORK HARBOR AGAIN FIRE-SWEPT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE



The Phoenix Line docks during the conflagration and the pier houses after the Department had got the fire under control

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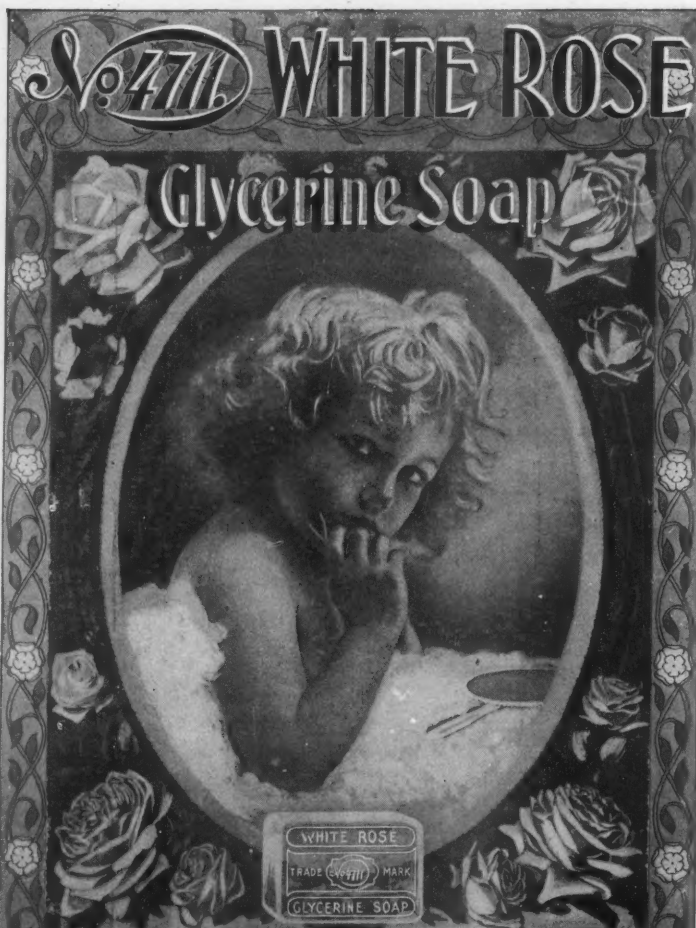
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Lorimer & Loew—A Wall Street Story

By EDWIN LEFEVRE, Author of "Wall Street Stories"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH

YOU MAY DIVIDE Wall Street into two classes—those who know and those who think they know. The latter class is by far the more numerous, and it may be subdivided into several clans. There is the man who reads the newspapers and therefore regards himself as secure from the attacks of venders of stock market gold-bricks. He disbelieves in professional Wall Street's honesty, but regards the financial articles in the daily press as gospel truth and thinks that all printed statistics are necessarily accurate.

He "never takes irresponsible tips, sir," but "bases his operations on facts, sir." He lasts sometimes as long as five months in the Street, but never loses his faith in the infallibility of his own judgment. The loss of his entire fortune does not shake it.

Then there is the man who is frankly a gambler and nothing else, and rather glories in it. He declines to hear any news, rumors or statistics; he doesn't want to know the mileage of any road in whose stocks he may "trade"; he goes exclusively by the tape. To him the stock transactions as they appear on the little paper ribbon indicate the way the "manipulators" are working; they show him the way the luck is running, as it were.

Once a type of this class, who had bought 5,000 shares of Q. R. and T. preferred, met a friend who said: "I hear you've been buying Q. R. T. preferred. Great Scott, you know what it's bonded for? For \$18,000 a mile, a mile, man!"

The first man turned pale and hastened to sell out his stock. The following week the price rose fifteen points and he did not pocket \$75,000. He swore he would never again listen to such tommy-rot as bonded indebtedness, mileage, earnings, etc. The tape, he said, had shown him clearly that the stock was going up and that was all he should have heeded.

The most frequent type is the pure lamb. He doesn't profess to know anything of the great game, when he is in Wall Street; but when he is among potential lambs in the uptown districts he will talk swaggeringly of the way he and his fellow-plungers do things in Wall Street and puff up with pride as he sees the awe with which his fellows look upon him, and his daring and his skill. His conversation sounds like a market report, so technical is it.

In point of fact, the lamb knows nothing of the theory of stock speculation. He memorizes a few elemental rules, which he has heard from veterans, and he repeats them with knowing nods and headshakings; and most carefully neglects them in his own operations. We always recognize the wisdom of certain business axioms and always grow angry when other people don't act accordingly, however often we may have done the very same thing.

The lamb, being human, is vulnerable on the weakest side of humanity—vanity. He knows that he doesn't know much about the stock market; but he likes to be taken for a wily veteran.

He likes to get "tips," so that if he loses he can place the blame on the shoulders of the tipster, and if he wins he can spend happy hours telling everybody who will listen how lucky, but especially how very wise, he was. He likes to receive advice, but he would have it come in such a way as would make it seem to have originated with himself alone. There are some people who understand lamb-nature, and they become successful commission brokers, humoring and cajoling their lamb customers or scolding them good-naturedly.

If the customer wins he stays with the firm as a matter of course. If he loses, the loss must be explained in such a way as will make it appear the result of the customer's obstinacy or of accident or sheer bad luck, such as might happen in any office. The successful commission broker is the one who can keep his customers the longest, whether winning or losing.

Lorimer & Loew, "bankers and brokers, members of the New York Stock Exchange," were reputed in Wall Street to do a prosperous business. Lorimer, the "Board" member, whose work was on the "floor" of the Exchange, was a tall, well-built man, with good-natured eyes, which could gleam shrewdly enough when necessary. He executed the orders and had a reputation for getting the best price obtainable—a reputation begotten of Loew's, invariable habit of saying in a congratulatory tone to each customer: "You'd have paid more if it hadn't been for Lorimer"; or, as it might be, "Lorimer himself sold that for you. You'd've got less for your stock if anybody else had handled the order. But," with a wonderfully knowing look, "he knows all the specialists' tricks. They can't fool him, you bet!" And the customer would feel that he was in safe hands in that hotbed of guile and wiles.

Loew himself was a little man, very quick in his movements. He had a curious confidential manner born of years of tip-giving—stock market tips. When he shook hands with

anybody he imparted a confidential quality to that handshake which differentiated it flatteringly from his handshakings with other people. From whispering money-making secrets to his customers every day for years he had grown to speak habitually in a low but thrilling tone of voice. He stayed in the office and oversaw the clerks and the bookkeepers, attended to the loans, signed all the checks, kept a vigilant eye on the margins and saw to it that the customers traded frequently. That would mean commissions—\$12.50 for each hundred shares bought or sold—and commissions meant prosperity. But to make customers "trade" they must be told what to buy or sell; and that was Loew's great specialty. If there is one thing that the average "lamb" hates, it is to use what he is pleased to term his own judgment.

On this day Loew emerged from the bookkeepers' pen into the customers' room, where a dozen men sat before the quotation board. His eye swept proprietorially over the assemblage. They were, for the most part, men whom any commission house would be glad to have for customers—men who took a direct and very profitable (to the firm) interest in the stock market. Their eyes were fixed on the quotation-board before them as though they were looking on an absorbing bit of stage-play. One of them stroked his mustache incessantly and from time to time made a gulping gesture—the market was not "going his way." Another was gazing hypnotically at the exact spot on the board where Great Southern was. Now and again he smiled triumphantly. It was not so much because he was winning as because he believed in omens and lucky days and he would be able to say "I told you so" to his next-door neighbor, who disbelieved in such things but took "tips" from anybody who gave them to him "on the dead q. t. straight from the inside. Understand?"

As his glance rested on a stout man who was smoking a huge black cigar, Loew frowned. The stout man had not given the firm any orders that day and it was two o'clock; he seemed undecided and looked from one end of the quotation-board to the other. As a matter of fact, he was not thinking about stocks. The look of indecision on his face came from his doubts whether to go home and take a nap or back to his own office to sign a few unimportant letters that could well wait until the next morning. He dealt in ladies' straw hats, two miles away, but went to his brokers' office every day after luncheon to smoke and chat and hear news and speculate.

Loew walked up to him, tapped him on the shoulder twice—two slow, deliberate taps full of meaning—and nodded significantly first toward him, then toward the door of the private office. The customer, somewhat perturbed, thinking that Loew had bad news to tell, arose and followed him into the little sanctum.

Loew closed the door ostentatiously. The twain were now out of sight and out of hearing of the other customers. There was a silence. Loew looked at the customer fixedly. At length he said:

"Bill."

"Yes?"

"Did you come to Wall Street to make money?" Loew's eyes never left "Bill's."

"Oh, no," answered Bill; "just to improve my mind."

Little Loew ignored Bill's words and went on: "Fortune knocks at a man's door once in a lifetime. Only once!" He glared at Bill accusingly, as though Bill were to blame for Fortune's abstemiousness in the matter of door-knocking.

"What in blazes—" began the customer.

"Listen, Bill," Loew cocked his head to one side with an air of intentness as if awaiting some faint signal.

"I hear the ticker," ventured Bill timidly, after listening.

"The ticker?" disdainfully. "That's Fortune knocking at your door. That's what it is."

"Is it?" said Bill. His tone invited further disclosures, but Loew affected to construe the words as indicating incredulity and lack of interest. He said, disgustedly: "Oh, pshaw! I've a great mind not to—Bill," speaking very rapidly, as if the impulse to be friendly and forgiving was irresistible, "the best people in the Street are buying Suburban Trolley. The deal is on!"

There was a silence. Loew nodded twice to emphasize his thrilling whisper. Bill stared blankly. At length he said:

"What deal?"

"The deal is on, I tell you," Loew walked away with an air of relief, obviously at having done his duty toward his best friend and at the same time at having rid himself of a secret that was a gnawing canker.

"Hey, wait!" said Bill, nibbling. "What deal?"

"I said it," Loew said it, very calmly indeed. "You heard me, didn't you?"

"Yes; but—"

"Yes; but I am busy. I can't be talking to you all day. There are other people in the world besides you."

"I—"

Loew relented.

"Listen. They are going to absorb all the Bay View and the Shore Drive lines. That means all that new traffic and a great building boom, which will mean more people to carry. Operating expenses will be reduced enormously and many other economies introduced. There's going to be valuable rights to the stockholders and—Say!"

Loew lowered his voice.

"What?" Bill whispered back. He couldn't help it.

"You saw that man who went out a few minutes ago?"

"Which man?"

"The tall chap with the gray beard and the silk hat."

"Er—yes," Bill said hesitatingly. He hadn't, but he did not wish to offend Loew. He felt sure Loew would be angry at a No.

"He's one of the leading directors of the Suburban Trolley Company. That's enough, isn't it?"

Bill nodded non-committally. Then he hastened to placate Loew and nodded vigorously. He did not trust himself to speak, for fear Loew would discover his unlightened perplexity. Loew glanced about apprehensively and went on: "They're buying all the stock they can lay their hands on, without boosting up the price on themselves. When they get all they want, and not before, you'll get the official announcement. This is under your vest, understand? I don't want you to blab it all over the Street."

"Of course not," Bill said, very hastily, but without indignation. "Do you think it's going up?"

"O Lord! do I think it's going up! Do I think it's going up!" He shook his head mournfully. He was not answering himself. He was showing his sorrow for his friend's mental condition.

"I mean," apologized Bill, "right away."

"No, I don't think it's going up. I know it! Nothing but a miracle can keep it from selling at 175. Maybe higher. I don't know what the market may do to-day or to-morrow. It may go up or it may go down. Anybody who tells you the market will do this or that is a blamed idiot. I've only been in Wall Street twenty-two years, so I can't tell you what any particular stock will sell for at 1.37 p.m. day after to-morrow. Can you?"

"Well, I meant—"

"Yes, you want me to guarantee you against loss, all for the enormous commission of one-eighth of one per cent. Heads you win, tails I lose, eh?"

"Certainly I don't," said Bill hotly. "I—"

"But," said Loew, with a forgiving smile, "all I know is that if you buy Trolley and hold it, you'll make big money. Do you think old Commodore Vanderbilt made his millions trying to scalp eighth and quarters out of the market? He bought, and sat down quietly and waited. Well, his grandchildren aren't starving and they don't have to write to the get-rich-quick pools—do they? Remember, not a word to a soul. I don't know as I ought to have told you what I have."

"Oh, that's all right," said Bill reassuringly. "Let me see what Trolley is now," and he went out to look at the latest quotation on Trolley, while Loew disappeared in the bookkeepers' room, which was surrounded by ground-glass partitions.

Trolley was 118. It seemed a high price for the stock. The consolidation story had been used for stock market purposes time and again. Bill didn't know the deal was utterly impossible of accomplishment by reason of a thousand irreconcilable differences. But he hesitated to buy the stock. Yet, if the price went up and he didn't have any after Loew had given him the tip to buy, he would never forgive himself; neither would Loew. The more he thought about it the more he thought he would buy after all. But he wanted somebody to make him do it. Had any one else there told him to buy it at once he would have obeyed unhesitatingly. Loew's word needed just a slight finishing touch.

Lorimer came in. To Bill he seemed sent by Providence. He took Lorimer to one side and asked him: "What do you think of Suburban Trolley, Lorimer?"

"I noticed some good buying of it to-day, but I don't know any news, if that's what you mean. We've taken quite a lot of it ourselves this week. Loew believes in it."

"Do you think it is a purchase at this price?"

"Old man," answered Lorimer good-naturedly, "I hate to advise you, because I don't know the first thing about it. But I can tell you this much: I don't feel bullish on the general market. I think both the railroads and the industrials are entitled to a reaction. Of course, there may be exceptions among the specialties, but on the whole—" He shook his head.

Bill was vexed. Lorimer had not dissuaded him from buy-



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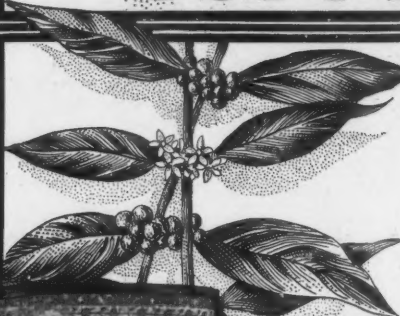
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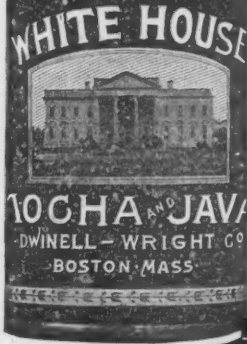


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ing, but had merely intensified his indecision. The responsibility of buying and of not buying rested on himself alone, as before. He grew angry—at Loew for giving him the tip, at Lorimer for not confirming it, at himself for not knowing whether to follow the tip at once or wait. The market was very strong. Trolley looked particularly well. If he only could tell positively what was going to happen in it!

Loew came out.

"Bought that yet?" he asked cheerfully.

"No, I have not," Bill said irritably. "Lorimer says—"

"Well, take Lorimer's advice then," and Loew started toward the cashier's pen.

"Buy me 200!" yelled Bill angrily. He had been stung into action and hated the stinger.

Lorimer, who was standing by, heard him and asked: "Two hundred what?"

"Trolley," said Loew quickly, answering for Bill. "At the market—eh, Bill?"

"Yes," growled Bill.

Lorimer looked at Bill quizzically. He smiled, not unkindly, and said: "I admire your nerve, old man."

Bill at that moment felt sorry he had the admirable nerve. "Nerve?" said Loew, resting his hand on Bill's shoulder and gazing on him with a look full of a paternal sort of pride; "I wish I had one-half as much as he has!"

The other customers heard. Bill was keenly pleased with his own dare-deviltry and, giving up all intention of going home before the market closed, he sat down and studied the

had counted for nothing with Loew, retorted: "Well, if you had kept your information to yourself, I'd—"

"Yes, that's what you say now. Instead of talking you ought to be buying stocks. This is bargain day, for sure."

"Why didn't you tell me that when you advised me to buy Trolley?" Bill had risen above his anger. He said this as though he were asking for information.

"That's so," said Wilkes, the ominous customer. Then he added: "It may be bargain day, but all I know is it's Friday."

"You hold on to your stock and you'll come out all right—see if you don't," said Loew to Bill. "My father-in-law bought when you did; in fact, he paid more than you for some of it. Well, he's just bought more, to average. I advise you to do the same."

But Bill laughed derisively and Loew walked away with a disgusted shrug of the shoulders. When Lorimer came in, a little later, Bill said to him, a trifle accusingly: "Your partner gave me a daisy tip on Trolley, Monday. It only shows me a loss of \$2,000."

"Is that so? It's too bad, too bad," Lorimer answered sympathizingly. "I'm awfully sorry, old man. I told you at the time I wouldn't buy anything. Loew means well, but he is too optimistic. He's all broken up on account of your loss. He's got some of his family in the same boat with you. But you'll pull out all right. It's only a question of time and—"

"That's all," echoed Bill ruefully.

"Make it a selling order for double the amount and you'll be able to retire from business before six weeks are over. Sell everything you've got, borrow, beg or steal all the money you possibly can and plunk it down on the short side of Mor. Ex. You know what the company is, don't you? It's Senator Doble's wild-cat, that's what it is. Man, this is a cinch. In all my experience since I've been down here I've never seen such a dead open and shut game as to sell Mor. Ex. short to the full extent of the law." He looked anxiously at his customer.

"But Lorimer says—"

"I don't care a rap what anybody says. You sell that stock short now and—"

"Morrison Express, 47½; a thousand at 48!" yelled the boy by the ticker in the customers' room.

"Do you see that?" asked Bill.

"Fifteen hundred at an eighth; a quarter; three-eighths, two thousand at a half!" The lad's shrieks came through to Bill's ears and he said, with an oath: "The stock is up a point since I gave the order!" Loew had cheated him of \$500. It made him furious.

"Do you still want to buy it?" asked Loew resignedly.

"Yes; if you can get it this century sometime. You've only got ninety-nine years left."

"Remember what I told you," said Loew, shaking his forefinger at Bill.

Ten days later Morrison Express went into the hands of a receiver and the stock dropped to 3.



Heads or tails—buy or sell?

quotation-board superciliously, as he fancied all great plungers did.

"What are you doing in this market?" asked Wilkes, the customer who believed in omens and lucky days.

"I just bought some Trolley."

"Much?"

"Not so very," answered Bill coolly. "Only a thousand shares." His admiration for his own courage grew with the lie he had told. It was the lie that lambs always tell when they think they have become bold, bad wolves.

The next day the decline began. It lasted a week. Suburban Trolley went down with the rest. The slaughter of the innocents was frightful.

"That's a nice, ladylike stock, that is," said Bill to Loew on the fourth day. Trolley showed him a nine-point loss, or \$1,800. The other customers were listening, so Bill was forced to continue to act the nonchalant wolf. He said to Loew airily: "My dear boy, the next time you hear of a consolidation and you think a stock ought to be bought, just let me know and I'll make a lot of money. Yes, I'll sell it short to the hilt."

The customers laughed admiringly. It helped to cheer Bill. "What the deuce!" said Loew, in an offended tone. "The whole market went off. Nobody could stop it. What did you expect Suburban Trolley to do? Go up ten points in the face of a general slump? Say, you don't want much, do you? Oh, no! Nice little boy, aren't you?"

The customers grunted their approval of Loew's speech. Bill was certainly unreasonable. Bill, angry that his stoicism

"Remember I told you I looked for a general reaction? I didn't want our customers to load up. I called the turn for fair that time, didn't I?"

"You certainly did," Bill answered very decisively, glaring at Loew, who had approached with a face adjusted to an intensely condolent expression. Lorimer was obviously the brains of the firm. Thereafter Bill would not allow himself to be moved by Loew even if a director with a gray beard and a silk hat was offered as evidence.

A few days later Bill, who was fighting shy of irresponsible little Loew, asked Lorimer: "What do you think of 'em?" He meant stocks. He really wanted a tip, not an expression of opinion.

"I think the market has touched bottom. There was the best kind of buying to-day. I noticed it particularly in Morrison Express. I am told by people who ought to know that there's ten points in it from this level; and I guess that's right, too." He said this as though it were a matter of indifference to him whether Bill bought the stock or not. Whereupon Bill immediately put in an order to buy 500 shares at the market. Lorimer disappeared. A moment later Loew rushed out with the order in his hand.

"What's this? What's this?" he said sharply. He was much excited.

"I want to buy 500 shares of Morrison Express at the market. The last sale was 47½," answered Bill defiantly. He felt that Loew disapproved the purchase.

"Great Scott, man! Don't you know that—come here!" He pulled Bill into the private office and whispered rapidly:

Before Bill could talk to Lorimer about it, Loew said: "Your old friend told you what to do. It was the chance of your lifetime, Bill, and I knew it. There were forty-five points in it for you, but you wouldn't take them. Where do you want to be kicked?"

"But Lorimer said—" began Bill defensively.

"Look here, Bill, Joe Lorimer is the best broker in the board and one of the nicest fellows I ever saw, even if he is my partner. But when I tell you something that I know you want to listen to me. That's all. Anyhow, I made you sell out at 36 and stopped your losses. Lorimer is all right, but I knew exactly what I was talking about. That rise just before you bought was for the purpose of unloading, as anybody could see with half an eye."

Bill agreed with him. He had lost a year's income because he traded through a firm one of whose members was invariably "right" on the market. If he only could follow the advice of the right partner he would make a great deal of money. There are more puzzles than one in Wall Street. Now Lorimer was bullish and Loew was not. Who was right?

"They are both smart fellows," Bill said to himself, as he looked dubiously at the quotation-board. "They are both smart. But—"

Unable to make up his mind whether to buy or sell, Bill waxed angry and went home. But all the sympathy his wife gave him was to say: "Well, you didn't lose anything to-day. That's as good as making some, dear." But she didn't understand.

Miss Corliss and the Convention

By GEORGE HIBBARD, Author of "The Governor and Other Stories"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON FISHER

MARATOGA WAS CROWDED. At twelve o'clock the State Convention was to meet in the dark, dingy, narrow theatre—for this was some time ago, before there was a Convention Hall. During twenty-four hours the delegates had filled the place. They marched through the streets and the corridors of the hotels a cheerful, changing throng. The glossy-hatted politician was there from the huge city in the lower right-hand corner of the State—that is, if you were looking at the map. Following him shuffled the rusty, ruminant member from a remote "four corners" in the upper counties. They made, with their friends, the local bosses and the newspaper correspondents, a small army.

And Maratoga had been already well filled before they came. An unusual number of people had flocked to the famous old Springs, so that for any one who could remember so long there were to be found suggestions of the old life and bustle. The strange, great, spreading hotels, not quite like any others anywhere in the world, had been far from empty even before the politicians began to arrive, and when the two multitudes mingled the halls before the hotel offices were often blocked. All the tables in the big dining-rooms were occupied and the long piazzas echoed with the trip of high-heeled shoes or resounded with the tramp of broad-soled ones all day long and far into the night.

Miss Corliss had not wished to come to Maratoga with her aunt at all. Maratoga meant little to her, and what it did mean was distinctly displeasing. She thought of it as a spot with all the discomforts of the traditional stage coach and all the glare and noise of a modern drawing-room car. She was a rather critical young woman and would have been very well content with the discomfort and the tradition or with the glare and the modernity, only she did not very well see how they could be mingled. If it were to be the first she should rather have sought that at Bath or Tunbridge, in the pretty English surroundings, and the latter at Nice or Biarritz, with all the prettiest people of Europe about her. Indeed, she did not know that she altogether approved of America. Certainly she did not think that she approved of Maratoga.

With Miss Harriet Mason the case was very different. For her the passing of the years had hardly dimmed the glories of the "Springs." Even before her time they had been glorious. They had been glorious for so long that when she went to the place as a girl the old habitué had told her that she should have seen it in her "mother's day." All the tradition of that time when Congress Hall had been the "Temple of Fashion" had only added to the rapture of her own experience. Now, with what she remembered and what she could not forget, Maratoga was still an enchanted land. She could only think of it as it had been when the cordial, careless Southerners gathered there; when "Lucia" and "Ernani" was the music that the bands played on the lawns; when the dance was still the polka, and the redows and the schottisch were not unknown.

To Miss Corliss, for whom Maratoga stood for none of these things, her aunt's idea of going there appeared the highest madness. Still, as she was a very good-tempered, though a rather spoiled young lady; as she had really no particular desire to go anywhere else and as there was always a certain interest in taking chances with the unknown, she readily enough agreed to do what her aunt desired. So far the experience for her had been an uneventful one. She had driven daily to the Lake, had watched with languid interest the persons about her, and as an occupation had even tasted the water, which she found she disliked particularly.

She was standing on the broad piazza of the hotel looking down into the street, where a procession of men headed by a turbulent brass band was straggling past. The men appeared very warm, and mopped their faces. The banners hung so limply from the poles that she could not read the inscriptions and learn the nature of the company, but she thought that she knew. She had seen the day before so many Ward Clubs, so many "Organizations" pass, that now she understood perfectly the character of those marching before her. Suddenly she saw a movement in the ranks—noticed that all turned toward the hotel. Then came a ringing cheer.

Seeking what might be the cause of the demonstration, she noticed, a short distance down the piazza, a man, who was still unmistakably young, standing with his hat off. He was bowing, and as the men filed past he waved his hand.

"Why, Aunt Harriet," she exclaimed, clutching the little old lady by the arm, "there is Mr. Stanford!"

Almost as she spoke the man turned and at once came toward them.

"I never expected to see you here," he said, gazing at Miss Corliss in amazement.

"Aunt Harriet tells me," she replied, "that one might have expected to see every one here—fifty years ago. But shouldn't I be equally astonished?"

"You forget—politics," said Stanford, glancing about.

"Oh, are you a politician?" Miss Corliss demanded, with increasing attention.

Stanford looked a little disconcerted, and then smiled.

"I don't think," he suggested, "that you have read the newspapers for the last few days."

"I never see them," replied Miss Corliss with fine disdain. She had lived so much in Europe that she spoke with a slight Continental accent, and Stanford thought again how charming it was in her. "I suppose you mean that I don't know about the politics. What are you doing about them?"

"For one thing," responded Stanford, "we are nominating a Governor."

"And who is he to be?" asked the girl carelessly.

"Why, to tell you the truth," he replied, still smiling a little, "some of them say that it might be I—myself."

Miss Corliss suddenly sat up very straight, staring at him.

"You! But you—" she began.

"You are surprised," he said.

"I have only seen you at dinners and things and I do not suppose that I realized that there was anything else. But this is very exciting. Isn't a Governor a very important person?"

"The Governorship of this State is a very great office," he said a little wistfully, "but it won't be for me."



"Tell me all about it," she commanded. "I never knew the least about American politics and I always thought them very horrid."

"Well, you see," he said, sitting down sideways on the rail, "these things are all arranged. This will be fixed by the Machine, like everything else. Mr. Carr, the 'Boss,' hasn't yet quite made up his mind who is to be nominated, but he'll telegraph to-day, and then it will be all done to-morrow. I don't say that if there were time it wouldn't be different. Indeed, I know that most of the delegates are really for me, but there won't be any chance."

"Do you mean to say," said Miss Corliss severely, "that while they want you nominated, just because this Mr. Carr says so they will nominate some one else?"

"That's it," he replied.

"But I thought," she exclaimed indignantly, "that the idea of this country was that the representatives of the people met together to find out what is best and that then what the greatest number thought best was what was done."

"That's the theory," he admitted.

"And all these delegates are not going to do what they wish but what they are told to do?"

"A very great many of them," he replied.

"I call it outrageous!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Why, I thought that the reason this country was so great was that the majority ruled?"

"It does generally—in the end," he answered; "but sometimes it takes a little while to get at the result."

"This is scandalous!" she went on. "Something should be done about it. You say that Mr. Carr will telegraph—"

"He will send a cipher telegram this afternoon—"

"What is that?"

"A telegram that can only be read with the help of a key. It will come this afternoon. Then all will be arranged this evening and the man he names will be nominated. There is only delay now because there is some doubt as to one of those he might put up—doubt whether he is really, wholly in his interest. It wouldn't do for them to nominate the wrong person—one that they couldn't be sure would look out for them afterward."

"It is all very complicated and—and interesting," said Miss Corliss with animation. "I am so glad I have seen you and you have explained it all to me. I am so thrilled. Oh! I hope that you will win. I must talk to Mr. Slawson about it."

"James W. Slawson?" asked Stanford. "You know him?"

"Aunt knew his wife before she was married."

"He's the very forefront of the opposition—Carr's right-hand man. Carr sends all his communications to him and through him they are all given out."

"I always thought he was a horrid little person," said Miss Corliss, with the thoroughgoing wholeheartedness with which a woman adopts a cause. "If it wasn't for Mrs. Slawson, who is very different, I'd tell him what I thought of his ways."

Stanford laughed. "Then I may consider you as one of my supporters?"

"Of course," replied the girl enthusiastically. "Oh! it is splendid. I only wish that I could do something."

"You are doing something," answered Stanford earnestly; "you are giving me strength and courage with your interest."

"Don't you think, really, that you have some chance?"

"No," he replied decidedly.

"You say that if there were time it would be different?" she asked.

"But there isn't," he replied lightly. "The Machine will know this afternoon and will spring the nomination on the Convention as soon as it is called to order to-morrow."

A man called to Stanford, and he was compelled to hurry away. Miss Corliss sat motionless in deep thought. She was excited. She felt it. In some way the cheers that she had just heard had set her heart beating. The movement of the crowds about her stirred her strangely. She could see groups of men talking excitedly together. She knew that they were discussing the nomination. She wished very much to hear what they had to say. She wanted to be in it and of it herself. She felt that what was being done or to be done was very wrong. How Stanford took it so coolly she could not understand. To her the proceedings were monstrous. Then she thought of Stanford himself. She had sat next to him at dinners and they had drifted across one another in ballrooms. She had always liked him, though she had not seen him as much as some others. He had not been one of those whom she was sure to meet upon every occasion. As she pondered she found herself wondering that she had not liked him better. Was it that he seemed different to her under different circumstances—when there was something to do, that he was doing and that he was evidently doing to the satisfaction of a large number of those

gathered in the place? As the result of her deliberations she sent for all the morning newspapers and spent the next hour or two in reading them. When she rose from the perusal of the rattling sheets, the place seemed changed, or was she a changed person in it? Maratoga dull! She had never been so interested in her life. She had never felt herself living with such vital intensity.

Late in the afternoon, as the nearest approach to any action, she decided that she would call upon Mrs. Slawson. That lady, whom she had only noticed as a meek little individual with an apologetic manner, was not one whom she would naturally seek. But she could easily make her aunt an excuse, and very soon she found herself seated in a chair on the piazza outside Mrs. Slawson's rooms.

"Isn't it very exciting?" she said finally, after they had talked for some time.

"What?" asked Mrs. Slawson blankly.

"The politics—and the Convention—and the nomination. You must be so interested in it, with your husband in the position that he is."

"Oh, I hear nothing else until I'm sick to death of it," Mrs. Slawson said petulantly. "Now, of course, you can tell me whether these are the real pearls—the three hundred thousand-dollar pearls that Mrs. Fromberger has with her here or only the imitation. I was telling Mrs. Billings—"

But Miss Corliss was not listening. As the rooms are arranged in the Maratoga hotels the window-sills are on a level with the floor of the piazza, and she could hear through the half-open slats of the green blinds the voices of men in earnest conversation.

"Ought to get word from the old man directly," said one.

"He'll know that the Convention has adjourned and send a despatch at once. There's not much time to lose."

"As soon as we hear that will be all that there is of it. The only thing is not to give the Stanford fellows a chance to get together—to organize—to find themselves how much there is in the boom."

The speaker was opening the blinds, and as he finished he stepped out upon the piazza.

"Henry—Miss Corliss," said Mrs. Slawson; and she added, looking at the girl, "My husband."

Slawson pulled up abruptly and in evident embarrassment. Miss Corliss was, in his eyes, a very great person—great herself and great as the daughter of old Stephen Corliss. Slawson knew very well the amount of his contribution to the campaign fund and was very well aware that a word from him was heard with the most reverent attention in quarters where he would not dare to have anything to say.

"A beautiful day," he stammered as he sank into a chair.

"I hope that you are enjoying yourself at Maratoga."

"Oh, so much!" she cried. "I didn't think that I should in the least; but I am so interested in the Convention and politics. How absorbing it must be to know all about it! I know a great deal."

"Indeed!" said Slawson attentively.

"There," said Mrs. Slawson, rising, "you and James can talk politics while I go and take my pill."

"Yes," Miss Corliss continued; "and I do not think that you are doing right at all."

Slawson gazed at her in wonder.

"I don't think that it is right when the Convention wants to nominate Mr. Stanford not to let them do it. I never heard of such a thing. They have all come here to find out what the most of them want, and now Mr. Carr and you and others are going to interfere."

Slawson whistled softly in his amazement. "You do seem to have heard a good deal," he said. "But where did you get all this?"

"I have heard of it," replied Miss Corliss discreetly. "I think that such conduct should not be allowed. I am sure that there must be some misunderstanding, for I do not believe that you would consent to such a thing, Mr. Slawson."

Slawson turned a little red and laughed uneasily. "I guess," he said, "that some one has been giving you a lot of guff. Politics is business like everything else, and things have got to be run on a practical basis."

"But they aren't business," urged Miss Corliss. "Or, if they are, they are the greatest business in the world—so great that they ought to be conducted by a higher standard, with a higher ideal."

She was very proud of the speech, and looked at Slawson triumphantly.

"I guess that you don't know much about it," he replied shortly.

"I know," she went on, "that I would do anything I could to prevent this 'deal'!"

Slawson had recovered his good-nature, and laughed. "So you've got the words, too?" he said. "Oh, I see that you are going to make a famous politician. Only when you've had more experience you'll look at things differently."

"I shall not," asserted Miss Corliss, the tears almost rising in her eyes. "I wish that I could do something."

"Well, well!" responded Slawson indulgently, "it's a queer game and we've got to do the best we can. I like, though, to see your interest. It isn't many young ladies like you that would care for it. Oh, you'll find enough to amuse you if you once get into it."

He was idly tapping the railing with a limp little leather-covered book which, as he spoke, fell from his hand and lay open on the floor. "There's funny things about it," he continued, as he picked up the book and looked at it. "Now, if you got a telegram saying, 'Put the baby on to fry,' you'd think that it was queer, wouldn't you?"

"I should think that it was silly enough," said Miss Corliss in her most stately manner.

"And yet it might mean a good deal to a good many," chuckled Slawson.

"Then that is the key?" said Miss Corliss, indicating the book.

"Yes," said Slawson, and he asked, "How do you know about it?"

"I was told," said Miss Corliss sagely.

"You've been told a great many things," said he half aloud.

At that moment a servant of the hotel gave him a telegram,

as Miss Corliss very well saw from the dull yellow envelope. She noticed, too, that Slawson looked at it very eagerly.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said, rising.

In his excitement he hastened to the window, and he had hardly crossed the sill when Miss Corliss heard him speak. "Here, boys, are the old man's orders at last!" he exclaimed.

The window was only the distance of a few steps. As Slawson rose Miss Corliss also stood up. She watched him as he disappeared. Also, she advanced a little toward the window. She did not know why she was doing what she did. She did not, in fact, know what she was going to do. In a moment she stood upon the sill. In the small hotel parlor she saw half a dozen men gathered about a table. They all looked up in a startled fashion as they beheld her, and one or two rose awkwardly to their feet.

"Miss Corliss," exclaimed Slawson, "you have made a mistake; the door to the corridor is further down. . . ."

"No," she said bravely, as she stepped into the room, "I am not mistaken; I have come here on purpose."

Slawson, who had placed the book and the telegram on the table, came toward her. "This is no place for you," he urged.

"Exactly," responded Slawson.

"And without it you would know nothing?"

"Naturally," replied the politician.

"Then," said Miss Corliss, with a swift glide forward, "I will take the key."

In a moment all of them were standing facing her as she backed toward the window. A short silence was followed by quick laughs and sharp exclamations. No one spoke. Miss Corliss clutched the small book and gazed wildly at the men, who were staring steadily at her.

"I don't believe," said Slawson at last, "that you realize what you are doing."

"Yes, I do," she replied. "If you do not have this you cannot understand what the telegram says and you cannot do anything. I am keeping you from imposing on the Convention. I am giving the Convention the chance to nominate the man it will if it is allowed to have its own way."

"We've got to have the book," said one of the company.

"Yes, Miss Corliss," continued Slawson, more peremptorily, "we must have that book!"

"But you can't," she said, drawing back as he advanced.

"And then what will you do?"

Furious as they were, there was no one among them who would have thought of laying a hand upon the book where it then was. Abashed they stood before her, while she faced them with pale cheeks and parted lips.

"Take it now if you dare!" she cried vigorously, and then she went on in more broken tones, "I—I am going now."

The men fell back to let her pass as she swept haughtily before them. She walked with head erect and measured step. As she approached the window one of the company pushed back the blind to open a way for her. She stepped on to the piazza and moved with slow dignity to the door of the corridor a short distance away. But she had no sooner turned the corner than, with a little cry, she sped away, running through the deserted halls until she reached the door of Miss Mason's "parlor," and, entering swiftly, bolted herself in the room.

Miss Corliss spent a bad quarter of an hour with an hour or more added to it. Her aunt, as she knew was her habit every afternoon, was being driven to the Lake and as sedately back again. Miss Corliss was sure that she would be alone for some time, and in the security of solitude she threw herself on the hard hotel sofa and with closed eyes



"We must have that book!"

"Perhaps," said Miss Corliss calmly. "But I heard you say that was the telegram about the nomination and I couldn't help myself. Oh! you mustn't do what you are going to do. It isn't right."

One of the men laughed hoarsely, and then, as if abashed, checked himself suddenly.

"Really," observed Slawson, "you will allow me to suggest that this is not a matter for you."

"It is a matter for every one," said Miss Corliss boldly. "I am a citizen of the State, and I am interested in it as thousands and hundreds of thousands of others are. The Convention should be allowed to make its own choice."

"The Convention shall make its own choice," said Slawson patiently; "only in things like this a little system is necessary. You do not understand." He picked up the telegram. "This is only the expression of the opinion of a man who has had a great deal of experience—to whose advice the Convention is most anxious to listen." Slawson tore open the envelope and read: "Number three a size and a half too small. Take the first turn to the right. The cat must not eat the canary." And he added: "Nothing more dreadful than that."

"You have the key," said Miss Corliss, "so that you can understand that absurd nonsense."

"I shall take it," he said more gruffly as he lost his temper.

He seized Miss Corliss by the hand that she had put out to protect the one in which she held the book, while two of the men stepped between her and the window.

"Never!" she said fiercely.

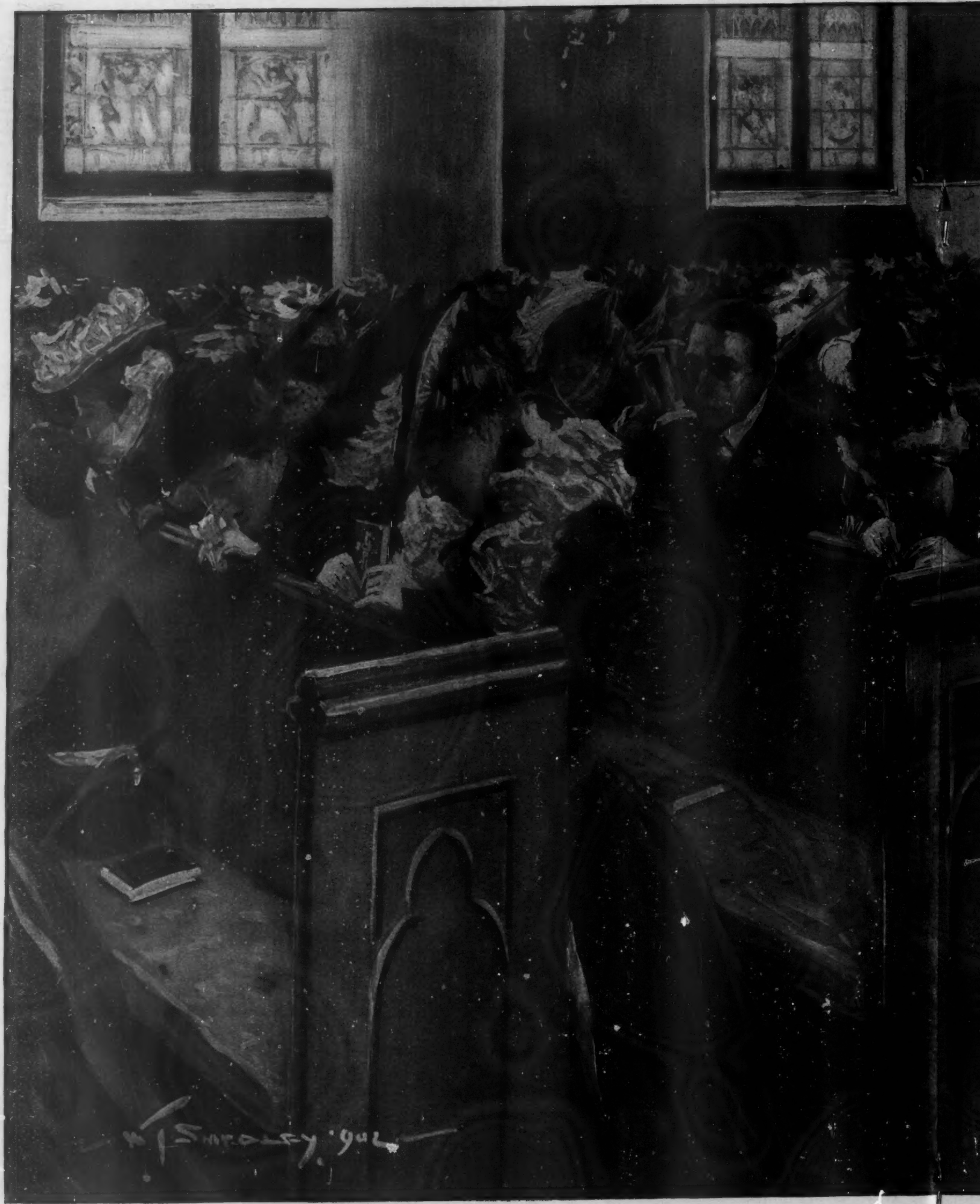
"Yes, we will take it," he said determinedly. "There is nothing that you can do to keep it from us."

"Isn't there?" cried Miss Corliss, as with a quick movement she slipped the little book through her dress at her neck. "Now will you take it?"

Slawson stopped motionless as the other men advanced a step or two. In the excitement of the moment they had all forgotten where they were—what the conditions were under which they were acting. The old savage instinct had come uppermost—the impulse to use force had mastered them. They wanted the book and they were ready to seize it. They were men of strong, selfish natures, accustomed to working their wills without having to consider very much the restraints of a more exacting society—men with whom the traditions of such a society had not become second nature. Now they almost snarled about Miss Corliss in their forgetting and unavailing wrath. But the sudden action had daunted them.

gave herself over to thought. No one could be more amazed than she was herself by what she had done. Even if she had known that the situation would present itself she never could have imagined that she should behave as she had. The most indifferent of young persons—some called her contemptuous—and really very shy—she was often described as haughty—she could not conceive of herself so carried away as to conduct herself in such an aggressive fashion. She blushed hotly as she thought of what had happened. She was covered with confusion as she remembered how she had invaded the conclave of politicians and had stood resolutely during them. But she was not sorry. If it were possible, she would not have had it otherwise. Indeed, she laughed a little hysterically as she thought of the blank astonishment of the men as she had taken possession of the book, of their air of baffled embarrassment when she had put it out of their power to capture it and their helpless confusion as she had walked away with it.

When Miss Mason returned she found her in an unusual state. Miss Corliss talked excitedly; laughed without apparent reason; moved restlessly from place to place. Her aunt had hardly time to put down her parasol and draw off her gloves when a servant entered with a card. Being near-



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DEVOTIONS"

BY W. T. SMEDLEY

Miss Corliss and the Convention By George Hibbard

est to the man, Miss Mason took it and peered at it through her eye-glasses.

"Mr. Slawson!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "For the young lady," said the negro impressively. "That is even more amazing," commented Miss Mason. "And what is this? I could not help seeing it. 'Most important,'" she read, as she handed the card to her niece. "Oh, I can't see him," cried Miss Corliss. "Tell Mr. Slawson," she said to the man, "that I am—that I have a headache. Oh, aunt!" she cried, as the man disappeared. "I wish that I could tell you, only you wouldn't understand."

"Never mind," said Miss Mason contentedly; "I know that it is all right. No one could be more careful than you are in every way. Indeed, I have often told you that I believed that you were perhaps just a little too conventional."

Miss Corliss shuddered as she thought of what Miss Mason's feelings might be if she knew the truth.

Generally the aunt and the niece passed through the halls of the hotel unnoticed or else met with the most deferential attention. That evening they had not reached the last step of the main stairway before Miss Mason noticed a difference. They were obliged to cross the large hall before the office, and as they advanced a sudden silence fell upon the groups of men who before had been talking excitedly. One and all turned to stare with unconcealed interest at the two as they made their way across the place. Instantly, however, the talk was resumed, though it was now in mysterious whispers. That what was said was about Miss Corliss was very evident, for every glance indicated the subject of the words. In the dining-room the sensation that they created was even greater. As they passed between the tables every one turned to look, and some, at a greater distance, half stood up in order to be able to see more easily. Miss Corliss glided on with the composure of habit. Miss Mason fidgeted uneasily. As they took their places she leaned over and looked anxiously at her niece.

"Did you notice?" she said. "Every one was staring. I know that you have a reputation for beauty, and your name—but it has never been this way before."

"Nonsense, aunt!" replied Miss Corliss carelessly.

As dinner went on there could be no doubt that in some way public interest was greatly aroused. People for no visible reason entered the dining-room and passed through it, gazing intently at them. A number, when they had finished dining, instead of making for the door by the nearest way, took a long detour to pass them, staring as they walked by. Miss Mason's nervousness increased.

"In future," she said emphatically, "we shall dine in our rooms. I do not understand this at all."

Miss Corliss, in spite of all her custom of composure, was blushing scarlet. She hastened through dinner, and Miss Mason hurrying also, they soon beat a retreat. Outside on the comparatively deserted piazza Miss Mason breathed more freely. "I never met such insolence," she cried; "I never was so uncomfortable. What can it mean?"

Miss Corliss was almost beyond speech, for the amount of public attention that she had received had decidedly frightened her. When a man appeared in the darkness she shrank away.

"Mr. Stanford!" she gasped.

"I'm fortunate to find you," he said eagerly, "and very glad. It's trying work smiling and shaking hands all day—though, indeed, everything is going so wonderfully well."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, "I wonder if it could be that."

"What?" he asked.

"I must tell some one," she said excitedly. "I—you don't know what I have done. I have taken the key."

"What?" he exclaimed in another tone.

"I went to see Mrs. Slawson this afternoon. Mr. Slawson was there and a telegram came. It was in cipher and he had the key. I picked it up from the table where they all were and I've got it now."

"I don't quite understand," said Stanford quickly. "How did they let you take it?"

"Because they didn't dare to touch it. Because," she said, blushing violently, "I put it here"—pointing to her throat—"where I have it now."

"You did! You have!" he said excitedly. "You're a brick!—a trump! All that is best and dearest."

"I thought that what they were doing was not right," said Miss Corliss sternly; "and I told them so, and I tried to stop them. That is all."

"I wonder if it could be possible that you have," he went on thoughtfully. "They could telegraph to Carr again and find out what they wanted. But, no—by the Lord Harry!" he exclaimed briskly. "The evening newspapers from town said that Carr had started to-day for a cruise along the coast on the *Ontiora*. If they couldn't reach him they wouldn't know what to do."

"And it will help you?" she said delightedly.

"It will be everything," he answered fervidly.

They were standing near a doorway and as he spoke they saw someone approaching. As the person advanced under the light Miss Corliss saw that it was Slawson.

"Miss Corliss," he said in a businesslike tone, "if I could speak to you for a few moments alone?"

"I will go," said Stanford.

"Please," said the girl, as Stanford drew away, "please don't go far."

She turned meekly toward Slawson.

"I do not believe, Miss Corliss," he said, "that you realize what you have done. I trust that on reflection you have come to your senses and that you are prepared to return that book."

"Then you haven't been able to hear from Mr. Carr!" she exclaimed ecstatically.

"That is neither here nor there," said Slawson with increasing anger. "Though the actual value of the book is small, still it is not your property and you render yourself subject to arrest by having taken it."

"Arrest!" gasped Miss Corliss.

"Certainly," he said. "We have you arrested. You are taken to the police station, searched, and our property is returned to us."

"Oh!" murmured Miss Corliss.

"We hope that you will not make any such harsh measure necessary, but I tell you that I have an officer within call and unless you give the book to me at once I shall have you arrested. I am waiting for your answer."

"I won't—I won't give it up," asserted Miss Corliss feebly. Slawson stood for a moment irresolute.

"Mr. Stanford!" cried the girl; and Stanford, who had been smoking a cigarette in the courtyard, cast it away and sprang to her side. "They are going to have me arrested."

Stanford looked smilingly at the other man. "I hardly think that you mean that—do you, Mr. Slawson?" he said calmly.

"I assure you that, much as I regret—" began the politician.

"You will scarcely care," said Stanford firmly, "to take upon yourself the responsibility of this—of having the daughter of Mr. Stephen Corliss arrested, with all the newspaper notoriety that there will be. You understand very well how Mr. Corliss would feel about it and also what his influence is. You are perfectly aware that he has only to speak a word and you would not know what hit you. I don't think that you or any of your friends will arrest Miss Corliss. Indeed, I feel that I can assure Miss Corliss that she need have no fear about that. It was a good enough bluff to try with a girl, but it's no use, and I advise you to go and tell the others that it won't work."

Slawson managed to contain himself. "I understand better than I did," he said bitingly. "I thought that this was a very extraordinary thing for a young lady to do, but I see more clearly now."

He turned on his heel and was gone in the increasing darkness. Left alone, Miss Corliss and Stanford faced each other in an embarrassed silence.

"They have made this attempt," said Stanford at length. "They may make others. There might be talk and scandal. That would be unpleasant for you. Give the book to them and let it go."

"My keeping it helps you?" she asked.

"It does," he said, drawing closer to her; "it gives me the only fighting chance that I have."

"And you want me to return it," she said. "I think that is noble of you."

"To save you from annoyance is more than anything," he assured her earnestly. "I care for you more than for myself."

"Ah!" muttered Miss Mason, suddenly sitting up very straight, "how very strange! Do you know, my dear, that I think I must have fallen asleep? So very singular when I never—never do such a thing, as you very well know."

Miss Corliss did not sleep very much that night and she felt a little weary as she stood ready to go down with her aunt to breakfast the next morning. Miss Mason had forgotten the difficulties that had attended dinner and was serenely prepared to accompany her. Indeed, Miss Corliss, with the confusion and the multiplicity of her thoughts, failed to remember the excitement that she had produced on the preceding evening. As she again crossed the office hall she could not, however, help being reminded of what had taken place. The attention that she now excited was twice as great; the desire to see her appeared to be doubly strong. People fairly pressed about her and her way to the dining-room was through a growing crowd. Miss Mason was highly indignant, and pushed forward with raised head and scornful eyes, followed by her niece, striving to make herself as small and inconspicuous as possible.

Stanford was breakfasting at a neighboring table and rose as they entered. "You might like to go to the Convention," he said. "Here are tickets for the gallery."

"I never went near such a thing in my life," said Miss Mason in horror.

"But I am going," exclaimed Miss Corliss; "and you are coming, too." And as Miss Mason sat down she whispered to Stanford, who had taken a seat next to her, "Is there anything new?"

"They seem to be completely at sea," he said quickly. "Unquestionably they have not heard from Carr. There's no doubt about it—you have 'held up' the Convention. In some way it has got out and you are the heroine of the hour."

After breakfast, when Miss Corliss again walked along the piazza, she was once more the centre of interest. Crowds of delegates stood about in restless inactivity. Indeed, as Miss Corliss saw them they reminded her of nothing so much as a pack that has lost the scent. Politicians of all conditions ran about with the same excited aimlessness. She was watched, followed, sometimes almost stopped in her course by the eager observers. Men gazed at her hungrily. In spite of her dismay, she was amused. The idea that she was walking so serenely through all these people, holding so securely in her possession what they all so eagerly desired, struck her as exceedingly funny, and once or twice she almost laughed aloud.

Just before she reached the rooms occupied by her aunt and herself she saw three men draw away from a crowd and come sheepishly toward her.

"If we could speak to you for a minute alone, miss," said the leader, a middle-aged man with a very red face and a very black mustache.

"Certainly," said Miss Corliss, who was beginning to enjoy the situation.

"Now," said the man, smoothing his shining hat that he had removed respectfully when he spoke to her, "we'd like to see if this can't be arranged. You've got something we're mighty desirous of having. It stands to reason that a young lady like you has most everything that she wants. Still there's sometimes some trinket that any girl might like. We're an informal committee to say that if you know of anything that takes your fancy there's a number of us would like to make you a present."

"This," said Miss Corliss sternly, though she was smiling merrily, "is bribery and corruption." She had heard the words somewhere and they seemed to apply. "You should not suggest such a thing."

"Truly, miss," responded the man, "we mean no disrespect. You see you've got us in a box, and—why, it's only mutual accommodation, don't you know? Of course, a great young lady like you isn't likely to be wanting much. Still, I've a daughter of my own about your age and I know what girls are."

"I'm sure she would do as I am doing," said Miss Corliss. "Not if it was going contrary to the Machine," replied the father proudly. "And you don't see your way to accommodating us, miss?"

"I think," said Miss Corliss, "that you are all doing very wrong and I hope that you will not succeed."

The men retired whispering, and Miss Corliss set herself to try to get through the hour until the Convention met. She began to read, but put down the book before she had finished a page. She picked up a piece of embroidery upon which she worked on rare occasions, but had hardly made more than a stitch or two before she threw it aside. She was grateful when a servant announced that Mr. Stanford wished to see her.

"They have been trying to bribe me," she exclaimed.

"They are still at fault and getting desperate," he said. "The morning newspapers say that late last night the fastest boat that could be found was sent off after the *Ontiora* upon some mysterious business."

"I hope they don't find him!" she cried.

"Do you?" he asked eagerly, coming forward and taking her hand. "Do you want me to win?"

There was a knock at the door, and in answer to Miss Corliss's bidding an elderly man entered hurriedly.

"I was told that I'd find you here," he said, looking at Stanford. "You're wanted at once. There's not a minute to lose. Carr's people are still in confusion. If we can have a little more time we'll do them yet. Delegates are coming over to our side every moment. You must come instantly."

"Go—go!" cried Miss Corliss. "Oh, I hope there is time!"

The surprise that Miss Corliss felt began at the outside of the building where the Convention was held. She had been in crowds before, but not in quite such a crowd. It was almost wholly made up of men in particularly riotous spirits. At every step Miss Mason suggested that they should turn back and was manifestly on the point of refusing to go any further. But Miss Corliss kept resolutely on, not heeding her remarks and disregarding her gentle pulls and pushes.

At length they reached the dark, packed gallery and looked down upon the floor of the house. Many places were still unoccupied, but delegates were crowding down the aisles and the chairs were filling rapidly. At intervals there were small staffs bearing little placards which Miss Corliss could not read and the purpose of which she did not comprehend.

About the front of the gallery were hung small flags, and the heavy folds of several large ones, draped about what seemed to her a strange-looking coat-of-arms, fell across the proscenium of the stage. On the stage itself were more chairs, into which more men were crowding, and a table standing well forward toward the footlights. Directly in front were long tables, at which a number of persons were writing vigorously, and there Miss Corliss discovered was the telegraph instrument the clicking of which she faintly heard.

The confusion was steadily increasing. Groups would form, separate and reform, while many restless members pushed hither and thither. The steady tramp of feet created a constant body of sound, broken by the rasp of chairs pushed into position or the crash of one falling. The murmur of voices grew louder and louder, so that when Miss Mason strove to speak it was with difficulty that she was heard by her niece. Suddenly a brass band stationed a little further down the gallery broke into a crashing march, and if Miss Corliss had called to her aunt she could scarcely have made herself understood.

To Miss Corliss it seemed that it must be quite impossible to bring any order out of such confusion, and she was astonished at the quiet that fell when a man, advancing, rapped briskly on the small table. The band stopped playing. The delegates hurried into their places. All was very new to Miss Corliss, and she watched it very eagerly though not very understandingly. The man on the stage spoke. Men jumped up in different parts of the house, saying a few words. What was the purpose of it all she did not fully comprehend. Presently one man rose and spoke at greater length. As if the Convention had been some dammed up reservoir of sound, out rushed a wild *débacle* of noise.

"He's asked for an adjournment," said a man sitting next to her.

In the hall members were shouting at the tops of their voices, stamping with their feet, pounding with umbrellas. The man on the stage she could see was trying to quiet the storm. A minute, two minutes, passed before his efforts had any effect. Suddenly the first madness of the tumult died away. Then they were voting. Miss Corliss could understand that. Again the same uproar arose.

"The motion to adjourn is lost," said the man at her elbow. "That's one for Stanford."

She did not know why, but she understood that some advantage had been gained and she clapped her hands softly. After further disorder, as it appeared to Miss Corliss, the man on the platform rapped again on the table and, looking defiantly across the hall, said slowly:

"Nominations for Governor are now in order."

Before Miss Corliss could quite see what was happening a tall, thin old person was standing on the stage. He wore a strangely cut coat. His collar and his neckcloth were unlike anything Miss Corliss had ever seen. Indeed, as he stood there he seemed to her like a character in a play, for it was only there or in pictures that she had ever seen such a figure from the past.

"The Honorable Joel B. Parker," said her neighbor. "The 'Old Warhorse' of Otisco County," as he's called. Why've they put him up—the greatest old blower in the State?"

Amid comparative silence the speaker began. "Over forty years ago," he called in still strident tones, "I stood almost in this same place. I addressed a Convention as I am about to do to-day. Then there were other men before the people; other issues to be faced. I remember well both the candidates and the questions. Forty years ago—"

"That's it!" exclaimed her friend, bringing down his fist on the rail; "they've got him there to talk against time, and he can do it to beat the band."

The discourse of the "Old Warhorse of Otisco County" flowed on. Instead of weakening, he seemed to grow stronger as he advanced. Words appeared to come to him more readily, the periods to flow forth in greater length and volume. A distinct restlessness was observable in the Convention.

"If he's goin' to give us the history of the party he's enough years left to take all the afternoon," commented the man next to Miss Corliss.

"Exactly forty years ago—" bellowed the "Old Warhorse."

"That's thirty-nine years too much, Governor," yelled some one from the galleries.

The men on the floor turned to laugh. A murmur of voices succeeded a growing tumult. Suddenly the storm broke out—shouts, whoopings, cat-calls. Then suddenly above the uproar Miss Corliss heard some one call: "Stanford!"

A hundred voices took it up and the place resounded with the name. "The Old Warhorse" snorted impatiently and sought to go on. If he had whispered he could not have been less heard. The man was rapping again on the table, and at last, more from weariness than anything else, a comparative quiet was restored.

"Just forty years ago—" the speaker recommenced.

Pandemonium began again. Miss Corliss had never known anything like it. She could never have believed such a scene possible. Grown men were behaving like school-boys and, in her eyes, the Convention had turned into a raging mob. She was frightened, but thrilled. The speaker, seeing that the case was hopeless, descended from the platform, and quiet fell again. At the first moment when it was possible for him to make himself heard, Miss Corliss saw Slawson rise from his chair directly in front of the stage.

"Gentlemen of the Convention," he called, "I wish to explain. An event of a most unusual nature has made it necessary that a motion desired by a great number of the delegates should be made. We are the victims of circumstances. As the chairman of the Lafayette County Delegation, I ask that this Convention take a recess for an hour."

"No! No!" came from all sides. A chaos of sound filled the place, and suddenly into this crashed the band. Miss Corliss could see the musicians blowing with all their might, but she could hardly catch a note from the instruments.

"It's only a question of time now," said the man beside her.

The din continued. Here and there men had torn away the decorations and were waving the flags madly.

"If they keep it up they'll stampede the Convention sure," said her informant.

The shouting went on. She couldn't hear what was said, but she was seized by the excitement. She stood up herself, as all in the gallery were doing, Miss Mason dragging at her hand. Then she heard the name "Stanford" called by scores of voices shouting together with dull, thudding force. She did not know what it all portended, but she vaguely felt that in some way the noise and confusion were helping the cause of the man for whom she was hoping. In a second her handkerchief was out and she was waving it madly. When her aunt told her afterward she always denied it, but her clear young voice was calling "Stanford" with the rest. Down in the hall a man sprang on the edge of the stage. Putting his hands together to form a speaking trumpet, he shouted. His voice was of unusual strength, and above the din his words could be heard:

"I propose that the nomination of William Henry Stanford of Montauk be made by acclamation!"

A roar of cheers that utterly drowned the band followed his speech. Miss Corliss was shouting with the madness of any of them, completely carried away for the moment.

"It's coming," said the man who had been prompting her. "There's never been anything like it here before."

At the same moment Miss Corliss saw a figure hastening down the aisles. The man pushed the delegates right and left from his path. At a run he reached the front row where Slawson was sitting and thrust a telegram into his hand. What the chairman on the stage was saying Miss Corliss could not hear, but the shout that answered him seemed to shake the building.

"It's all right," cried the man beside her; "Stanford got it."

And as she cheered wildly with the others she saw Slawson tear open the despatch and, glaring angrily about, thrust it helplessly into his pocket.

Miss Corliss had reached the pavement with her aunt when the delegates were crowding out from the door. Many were wildly exuberant, and a youngish man, spying her, swung his very shining hat high in the air. "Three cheers for the girl what done it!" he cried.

They were given with a will as Miss Cor-

liss followed her aunt into the carriage that was waiting at the curb.

"My dear," said Miss Mason in horror, "they are cheering for you. What does it mean?"

"I'll tell you some time, aunty," said Miss Corliss very faintly, as she shrank from sight.

The moon was just shining over the opposite roof of the hotel as Miss Corliss crossed one of the paths of the big courtyard.

"I am so glad," she said.

"So am I," answered the man who was beside her. "Because—"

"Because you got the nomination," she suggested as he paused.

"No," he replied decidedly, "because I owe it to you. Don't you know that owing something to some one is, after having some one owe something to you, the very best bond? You can't forget me now."

"No," she said very slowly.

There was silence for a moment.

"I am going with Aunt Harriet to Lenox next week. Don't you think that you will be there this autumn?"

All this happened some time ago, but the older members of the party still tell at Maratoga how a girl once "held up" a Convention.

THE END

An Easter Beauty

I SING to you, oh! Easter maid,
In glow of fadeless youth,
And loveliest of hats arrayed—
I say aloud, with truth:

There never were such eyes of blue
As yours; there couldn't be—
Cheeks of such wondrous rose-pink hue
We really never see;

Nor neck of satin smoothness, nor
Such dimpled curve of arm,
Nor such strange charm of calmness, for
There never was such charm.

No girl, like you, hath life disclosed
In churches, streets, or flats—
Oh, lovely waxen model, posed
To show the Easter hats!

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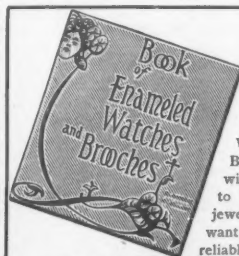
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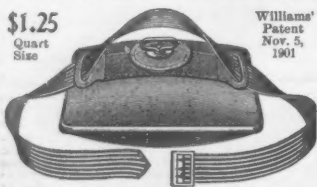
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Preparations for the Coronation—II

By H. G. Rhodes

THE CORONATION is tremendously an affair of clothes and jewels, and the King and Queen and their assistants ought to have the skill and taste of the most celebrated modistes, tailors and goldsmiths if they are to please every one. The costumes of the peeresses have given endless trouble, so it is fortunate that in their own apparel their Majesties have only to please themselves.

Very few details have been given to the public, or even to those much more intimately interested. The King's robe will not be very different from those which he has worn at the openings of Parliament. A trifling sum expended in going to Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Exhibition will enable one to see the original robe which George IV. wore at his coronation now displayed on a wax figure. These same robes were sold last autumn at auction for forty-seven guineas. If one really aspired to possess relics of royalty they could often be picked up in London auction-rooms. Only a little while ago a guinea would have secured a bit of George III.'s beard, and fifteen guineas the breeches which George II. wore at the battle of Dettingen. The latter prize would have included a letter from the gentleman who stole the breeches when they were on view at the Warrington Exhibition in 1841, and who returned them later, saying he had been "a thief for a relic but not for value."

During the Coronation ceremonial the King is divested of his crimson robes and puts on what is called the imperial mantle, or dalmatic robe of cloth of gold. The crown needs some slight rearrangement, for otherwise it would be too small for King Edward's head. The openwork rim must be enlarged; otherwise the crown, bearing in front the famous sapphires bequeathed to George III. by Cardinal York, will be used as it is. At the coronation of George III. a jewel fell from the crown, and later this was thought to have been symbolic of the loss of the American Colonies. It is said that particular pains are being taken to have the jewels in King Edward's crown tightly fastened in by next June.

The Queen's robes, as is only natural, excite greater curiosity than do her husband's. Queen Alexandra has a genius for dress, and she may fairly be counted on to be the prettiest woman of her age in the Abbey that day of next June. But she has also a talent for keeping her secrets to herself, and not much is known about her costumes. There is an idea that her robe will be of royal purple, which is, according to modern notions, a dark bright blue. Her bedchamber women, whose costume has received much thought from her Majesty, will probably be in white embroidered with gold, while her maids of honor will be in white embroidered with silver.

The Queen has been particularly anxious that not only her own robes, but those of the peeresses, should be throughout of materials manufactured by British subjects. This is a form of patriotism which is being widely advocated (the American Cigarette Trust has already encountered it in its English campaign), and the Queen's action is much praised. It is rather curious in view of it to find that Irish lace and English velvet do not content all of the peeresses, and that West End modistes have already made importations from France. The royal robes themselves are to be entirely imperial products.

A special feature, and a pleasant compliment to the great Indian dependency, will be some gold embroidery which is being executed at Delhi, at the Queen's special directions. Indian satin, however, would make a rather flimsy foundation, and so the best satin of Braintree, Spitalfields and Sudbury is to be sent out to the needle-workers of Delhi. It is probable that the Queen will have an entirely new crown, as the present crown for the Queen-Consort is neither of beauty nor of historic interest. It is not likely, however, that the Kohinoor will be set in this new crown, but, if worn at all, will be used as a brooch.

The peers accepted the Earl Marshal's directions as to their robes and set about having them made, in the official language "of crimson velvet edged with miniver, the cape furled with miniver pure, and powdered with bars or rows of ermine (that is, narrow pieces of black fur), according to their degree, viz.: Barons, two rows; viscounts, two rows and a half; earls, three rows; marquesses, three rows and a half; dukes, four rows. The said mantles or robes to be worn over full court dress, uniform or regimentals. The coronets to be of silver gilt; the caps of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, with a gold tassel on the top; and no jewels or precious stones are to be set or used in the coronets, or counterfeit pearls instead of silver balls. The coronet of a baron to have, on the circle or rim, six silver balls at equal distances. The coronet of a viscount to have on the circle sixteen silver balls. The coronet of an earl to have on the circle eight silver balls, raised upon points, with gold strawberry leaves between the points. The coronet of a marquess to have on the circle four gold strawberry leaves and four silver balls alternately, the latter a little raised on points above the rim. The coronet of a duke to have on the circle eight gold strawberry leaves."

Their ladies, however, were by no means so docile, and the inside history of the arrangements as to peeresses' robes would be lively reading if it could be written. Early in December the industrious Earl Marshal and his assistants had ready and displayed at Norfolk House models of the correct robes. Those who gave orders to their dressmakers at once acted with undue precipitancy. The costume was pronounced hot, heavy and unbecoming. A certain number of ladies, vaguely alluded to in the newspapers as "powerful peeresses," protested. The Duchess of Buccleugh, who is Mistress of the Robes, was hastily summoned from the north to a conference with the Queen, and the protest of the "powerful peeresses" received consideration. The result was that by the beginning of February new models were ready, and peeresses can now take their choice, after observing the wax models in the Duke of Norfolk's blue drawing-room. The Victorian costume is to the feminine eye somewhat antiquated in style; small wonder, perhaps, when one learns that it dates from the days of James II.—so far as the kirtle or under-robe is concerned, at all events. The new costume, however, is pronounced "smart" enough. The distinctions of rank find their expression in the train of the gown.

The robe for a baroness is but a yard on the ground; that for a viscountess a yard and a quarter; a countess has a yard and a half; a marchioness a yard and three-quarters; and a duchess's train will measure two yards.

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The peeresses' coronets are very like those of peers, only smaller. They are not worn in the Abbey until after the Queen has been crowned.

Ladies who object to removing their hats at matinees on account of the difficulty of adjusting them again may imagine the anxiety of the ladies of the British aristocracy as to how they are to put their coronets on straight at a moment of such emotion, and without a mirror. Lady Galway has a scheme for a wire frame fastened on the hair ready to receive the coronet. But it would seem rather difficult to make this seem unobtrusive during the time it must be uncovered. The hairpin, richly jewelled, will probably be the real resource, and peeresses will have to trust each other to know whether their coronets are on straight.

The first order, forbidding jewels in the coronets, was taken to mean that the wearing of jewels was altogether prohibited. This was designed to prevent unpleasant rivalry. But too much influence was brought against it, and now tiaras are to be allowed, ropes of pearls, and jewelled brooches. So the Abbey will be ablaze with precious stones.

The arrangements for the actual religious ceremonial in the Abbey are in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the clergy of the chapter of Westminster. Precedent has established the forms. George IV. tried to curtail the religious part of the ceremony, but he was not allowed to do so. Edward VII. is going to shorten the homages of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. If tradition were followed, these gentlemen would come up one by one and, after kneeling, kiss his Majesty upon the left cheek. There will be no kissing in 1902, and the King's subjects will perform homage in squads or by proxy.

Easter-tide

EASTER-TIDE, and the sky a-brimming
With the radiant gleam that the Orient knows!

Easter-tide, and the glad brooks hymning
Spring's canticle, and the flight of snows!
Easter-tide, and the song-birds whirling—
Easter-tide, and the old earth stirring
With the presage of the rose!

Easter tide, and the heart uplifted
Above the ways of our mortal breath!
Easter-tide, and the darkness rifted
By the light of His life that illumineth!
Easter-tide, and the soul made vernal
At the thought of Love, divine, eternal,
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Coffee probably wrecks a greater per centage of Southerners than Northern people, for Southerners use it more freely.

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I steadily gained in health and strength. About a month ago I began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food and the effect has been wonderful. I really feel like a new woman and have gained about 25 pounds.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK



Death of Esmeralda (Hilda Spang) in "Notre Dame" at Daly's Theatre

"Notre Dame," "The Twin Sister," and "Sky Farm"

By JOHN D. BARRY

AT DALY'S THEATRE, Mr. Daniel Frohman has made a sumptuous production of an adaptation of Victor Hugo's romance "Notre Dame," prepared by Paul Potter.

Scenically, the production is worthy of being placed beside the productions made at this theatre by Augustin Daly. This is perhaps as high a standard as one could find in this country. And yet the most ambitious scene, representing a view of the interior of Notre Dame during mass, brilliant with lights, is the least successful of all the sets, perhaps because the impossible had been attempted. The suggestion given was fine, but, after all, it was the merest suggestion. The exterior views of the church to which the audience was introduced all made an impressive effect, and the details of the street scenes were adroitly handled. The crowds, too, had evidently been well trained and their costumes had a brilliant picturesqueness.

As for the acting—well, it was as good as might have been expected from a company trained in light comedy. From "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" to "Notre Dame," the noisiest kind of melodrama, is a hazardous leap. Miss Hilda Spang, a born actress of comedy if there ever was one, took the leap with superb energy. She may, indeed, be said almost literally to have thrown herself into the part of Esmeralda, the gypsy girl. She was not the embodiment of Hugo's ideal. How could she be with her strongly pronounced English accent? But within her limitations she gave an intelligent, vivacious and interesting impersonation. Howard Gould as Phœbus proved a poor substitute for Robert Lorraine, whom he had replaced at one of the late rehearsals. Mr. Lorraine has a natural method, a good delivery and some distinction. Mr. Gould's work, on the other hand, is purely conventional and wholly lacking in romantic spirit. J. H. Gilmour played with a monotony and an artificiality absurd even in so melodramatic a character as the Archdeacon of Notre Dame. He failed to convey even the suggestion of humanity. The best acting was done by that admirable comedian, William F. Owen, as the leader of the vagabonds. Mr. Owen invested it with as much humor and unction as he gives to Sir Toby Belch and the other Shakespearian characters in which he has long been without a rival. Jameson Lee Finney played Gringoire, the

PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK



Margaret Anglin as Giuditte Charles Richman as Orlando

"The Twin Sister" at the Empire Theatre

poet, with a delightful ease and finish. This actor is in a fair way to becoming one of the best light comedians on the English speaking stage. Miss Margaret Illington had the hard

task of portraying the wicked Fleur de Lis, a character which in the play does not fully explain itself.

At the Empire Theatre, Mr. Charles Frohman has actually presented his stock company in a poetic play. That is, it is written in verse, some of which is poetic. It has apparently made a popular success; at any rate, it draws large numbers of women. The explanation given by a cynical acquaintance of mine is that "The Twin Sister" tells the story of a man who is beaten by a woman. The spectacle he believes to be edifying—to other women. Ludwig Fulda, a playwright hardly of the first rank, is the author. His theme, the impersonation by a neglected wife of her twin sister, who looks exactly like her, and the successful re-conquest of the husband, is ingeniously developed; but the speeches have little wit or point. Perhaps it would seem to have a finer flavor if a keener translator than Louis N. Parker had not turned it from German into English. The piece offers Miss Margaret Anglin a great opportunity, and she takes full advantage of it. Her performance is exceedingly adroit and satisfying. It is doubtful if there is another actress on our stage, with the possible exception of Miss Julia Marlowe, who could equal it. As the husband, Charles Richman is woefully out of his element.

At the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Charles Frohman has lately produced a new comedy-drama of American rural life, written by Mr. Edward E. Kidder and called "Sky Farm."

Early in the season the piece was tried in Boston and ran for several weeks, and it has since been seen in other cities. Mr. Kidder followed the example of the old conventional dramatic writers dealing with rustic life rather than the high-minded and realistic James A. Herne. He chose a melodramatic plot, in which figured even so stale a device as a lost will, and from it he developed situations that, to use Mr. David Belasco's word, would produce "ther-ills." In addition to several highly virtuous characters, he also employed a few villains, an important feature, for in the rural drama wickedness is an important factor and it must be painted in very dark colors. Incidentally, he accomplished one feat that nearly all the successfully rural dramatists do accomplish: he filled his play with good acting parts. In this regard, our rural plays might be studied with profit even by dramatists ambitious of higher achievement.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK



"Sky Farm," a new American Play at the Garrick Theatre. Scene from Act IV.



Antarctic Explorers must be their own Draught Horses



On the Sledge Journey furthest south



Solitary at the Helm in Antarctic Weather

Human Nature in the Lonely Antarctic

By C. E. BORCHGREVINK, Commanding the "Southern Cross" Expedition



C. E. Borchgrevink

IN MY BOOK on the Antarctic Continent I have indicated that quarrels constituted some of our worst phenomena during the Antarctic winter, when the stillness, the monotony and, above all, the darkness depressed our minds. I have also expressed the opinion that any Polar explorer who, as a leader, returned and declared that all the members of his expedition throughout "obeyed like lambs and walked among each other like angels" had something to hide.

It is impossible that men alone, living so close together, daily seeing each other, should not become tired of each other and quarrel! Especially is this a natural state of affairs if good men have been selected for the expedition. Under hard conditions energy would naturally create hasty tempers, and only the man lacking in ambition and vitality would smilingly give place to the opinion of his fellow travellers within the Polar Circle in spite of the fact that they have space enough in the immense white fields.

I think that no work is so apt to cause quarrels and differences among men as Polar work. In any expedition the leader will always, perhaps, get more than a fair share of the credit. Although the organization, the planning and the carrying out of the enterprise generally bear his individual marks, still it must be admitted that in Polar work each of the members is very much dependent upon the others, and every one forms a necessary cog-wheel in the delicate machinery of a Polar expedition. In such enterprises, as in the work of military men, great discipline must be maintained.

Each man has to work his brain under the most unfavorable conditions—one fact alone apt not to improve one's temper. Apart from the mischief which originates through actual sufferings because of want of food, through cold, through darkness, through monotony, the jealousy which exists among all healthy-minded and energetic men will always play a prominent part in Arctic as well as in Antarctic expeditions.

It is one of the great difficulties of the leader to hold his power while he himself must, in exercising it, try to keep as much as possible on a level with his men, that the spirit of camaraderie may be retained. In my opinion, life to the members of a Polar expedition would become intolerable if military discipline should be maintained throughout. Science is like art—it cannot be forced—and each member must do his work when opportunity presents itself and when he feels so inclined. The important point seems to me, then, to use one's authority as carefully as possible, to keep up the necessary discipline, but carefully avoid adding to the natural depression which grows out of the surroundings.

How little grievances can assume immense proportions! I remember well the late zoologist of my expedition shooting a

seal in the neck. He shot it in the neck because he wanted to keep the skull—his object, in fact, in killing the seal. Now for this reason the seal struggled very long in its death throes, and naturally I told my zoologist that I would like to see the specimens killed in a quicker way. Splendid hunter as my late zoologist was, he felt indignant beyond the limits of his temper. He had been working conscientiously to secure a fine cranium and then he was blamed for the care he had taken not to injure it!

There were several navigators on board, and the jealousy which arose when about six of us at noon were ready for our observations to fix our position was most conspicuous.



A small Shelf of Snow on which the Adventurers lived for Seven Days, washed over by the icy Surf

The smallest difference in the observations became a point to be quarrelled about. Early in the expedition I gave to each of the members one or two sledge dogs as pets. This had a very good influence. When the members became sick of me and sick of each other they took their favorite dogs, went up in a quiet corner, whether on board or on shore, and always returned in better humor.

The cook had also his favorite dog. I always wondered whether the dog chose his master or if the cook chose the dog; one thing was sure, if the dog had settled on the cook he had shown great judgment in his selection and knew on which side his bread was buttered—and the cook occasionally buttered it for him when I was not looking. If I noticed it,

that became cause for a quarrel. Then of course the absence of the fair sex did not improve the humor of the members. "Hugging," as we say in sailor parlance (and we had nothing else to hug!), those ice-bound shores was a cold comfort. At times deputations came to me while I was on board with their grievances. Sometimes one man would come and tell childish stories about another member, and these tales, harmless as they would have been under normal conditions, became most important. Then a day or two afterward the other man would hear that stories had been told about him. He would be most indignant, as the true facts of the case were, in his opinion, of course quite the reverse to what he presumed I had heard. When mischief like this was brewing at times, and I could see that it might flare up, I generally found it good policy to make both the quarrelling parties temporarily my enemies, thus overcoming the evil. I would call them both into my cabin, offend them both, almost insult them. It would have the desired effect. A few days afterward I would see those two consulting together on the fore-castle, or discussing observations together, or comparing their pet dogs while looking unspeakable things at me. A day later I would call both parties into my cabin, regret to have been rather harsh on the former occasion, and we would part all three good friends. It worked, but it was at times a risky game, and it did not improve my own temper.

Meal-times were minutes loaded with possibilities! As a rule in life, people have differing tastes, and I am glad of the fact. I wish we on board the *Southern Cross* or in the little hut under the snow had had only one taste instead of thirty-one. Then the cook had a lively time when his fare was criticised by the members, and quarrels ensued. I shall never forget when the fat cook, who was a Norwegian, brought in the Sunday pudding, as he called it, on a day when the vessel was heeling heavily. One of the English members, who from the first acquaintance with the Norwegian pudding had become its sworn enemy, remarked calmly, as the cook appeared with it in the cabin door, at the moment when the vessel heeled over even more than before:

"Cook, place the pudding to the windward."

The cook, who never hurried, this time quickly did as he was asked, and did not see the point until a week afterward, when he suddenly came to me and asked why he had been requested to place that Sunday pudding to windward.

The smallest incidents would start the most serious quarrels. How indignant was my medical officer because my sailing master wanted to be present while he examined a sailor who was ill. How we quarrelled over the new year 1900! When was the beginning of the new century—1900 or 1901? With the utmost care I invented new devices for the losing side for the sake of keeping the entertainment going.

Chess became a great pastime, both in itself and in its consequences. It nearly always raised discussions. Some members got into a perfect frenzy while losing a game, while others got sad and depressed. One player could not endure it that the other should think so long before moving, and the other would expostulate because his opponent continually moved his chessmen back into a safe place after having



Nicolai Hanson, Zoologist, on his last Climb



Commander Borchgrevink in the Main Camp



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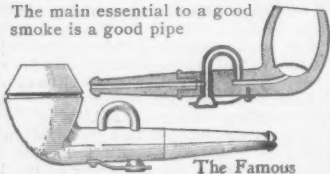
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moved them once. I tried purposely to lose games with one melancholy member, but he discovered it and it had a worse effect than if he had played a losing game all his life.

It was not, however, only we ten under the snow, in our limited space fifteen by fifteen, who quarrelled, but the dogs quarrelled, killed each other and ate each other, and tried our tempers beyond their limits. On the sledge journeys the dogs seemed at times unable to get along with their heavy loads. We lifted and shouted and shoved, the sledges upsetting from time to time among the rough hummocks. We struggled onward, and put the ropes to the sledges, brought them over our shoulders and pulled for all we were worth to help our faithful companions, until we were unable to move any more. But at the moment when we, in despair at not being able to reach a safe place before a coming gale, would be about to dig ourselves down into the snow, then one dog of a team would discover an enemy of his among another team about half an English mile away on the white plain and off they would go, entirely ignoring the weight. If we happened to catch the rope by which we had helped them to pull, while they rushed past us, they would pull us over, and even our weight hanging on and rubbing over the snow would not perceptibly alter their speed. On they would rush, and when we reached the two teams there would be one bundle of dogs, sledges, ropes, harness knotted together, with an accompaniment of howling and biting. At such moments we humans would lose our tempers, and generally such a dog fight would prove contagious and often started off a human quarrel.

THE EVIL OF ANTARCTIC NIGHTS

It is natural that the most sensitive professional jealousies arose. In regions like those in which we lived and worked there were absolutely no changes for the eye or ear, especially during the long Antarctic night. And each member guarded most scrupulously his own particular department which I had assigned to him—guarded it against intrusion, keeping his discoveries, his collections, as



A Cave Refuge in an Iceberg

private as possible. It is easily understood, as they had with great suffering and with great difficulty wrested the results from the world's most inhospitable corner. The days when sledge expeditions were setting out there was always a great putting together of heads: who were going to be chosen and who were going to remain in the hut? The latter had to read off the meteorological instruments every two hours. Of course, every one liked to take part in work which would bring his name into prominence. Sledge expeditions were favorites, although sufferings had to be undergone during them.

There is great difficulty in selecting men for an expedition to the Antarctic regions, where so long a time must needs be spent on board. Few scientific men have learned ship discipline, and few of them enter into the spirit of it. Of course, in an expedition with thirty-one members, ship discipline must be maintained, and a natural distinction was drawn between the crew and my scientific staff, although, of course, the scientific staff also at times had to take part in the rough work on board ship. But to maintain this necessary discipline where some of the members never before had learned to understand it was difficult.

THE "DOCTOR" A HARD PROPOSITION

The selection of a medical officer is an important matter. His training and position give him opportunities which, conscientiously used, may greatly assist the leader and his officers, but which, on the other hand, may become a most dangerous element if used for speculative ends; and two medical officers in an Antarctic expedition would be a safeguard and advisable, the one checking the other. Not long ago a naval doctor in the English auxiliary squadron on the Australian station declared his chief insane because he hated him, and had him for the last part of a cruise placed on the retired sick-list! This in spite of protests from the unfortunate and normal chief. At the court-martial the doctor naturally got what he deserved; but the incident shows what risks are run in selecting doctors for expeditions.

Words are often spoken aft by the officers which, conveyed forward to the fore-castle,



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might do a great deal of harm, although a democratic system, in my opinion, is the only possible way to success in a Polar expedition. Great discretion must at times be used, and if it is lacking in certain members it is apt to give the commander no end of trouble. Mistakes caused by one member, bringing disaster, always caused trouble.

I remember a great deal of indignation was caused when one night we found our tiny hut on fire. Lieutenant Colbeck had been lying down reading by candlelight, and fell asleep in his wooden bunk without extinguishing the light. I awoke first in a suffocating smoke and found the roof and Colbeck's bunk ablaze. We soon managed to extinguish the flame, but it might, of course, have been a very serious matter for all of us. It was always a sore point when one man in the hut wanted to have light and another wanted to sleep, but all these minor difficulties become insignificant compared with the "music-box explosion," as we later on called it.

A FIENDISH MUSIC-BOX

We had learned to know its whole repertoire, but still it continued to amuse some of us. We knew the limit of its talent. Night after night, day after day, the music-box played its tunes. We had songs from "Carmen," we had the "Marseillaise," we had "Home, Sweet Home" and "I Want You, my Honey, Yes, I Do," and among us ten it always found at least one sympathetic ear.

But as time went on we got frightfully tired of hearing these same pieces going on their mechanical way. One member preferred the pain of hearing "Home, Sweet Home," to that of listening to more sentimental music. Finally the fate of the music-box was settled. One night one man wanted to sleep and the others had started "I Want You, my Honey, Yes, I Do." From that moment the music-box fell into disgrace! It was in some inexplicable way smashed and remained silent, I am glad to say, until the sun arose above the horizon on the 27th of July, 1899.

Our spirits had risen somewhat with the rise of the sun, and Mr. Fougner brought forward the shattered remains of the music-box and put it together, but it was a pitiful song it sang, playing hymns when dance music was required and the reverse.

THE RIGHT MEN FOR POLAR WORK

Whenever I was in the main camp I held a short religious service on Sundays, and although we all had very different conceptions about religious matters, it had a very good effect. Then, of course, the sorrow of losing one of the members on land and having to bury one at sea covered over many small differences which perhaps otherwise would have come into more prominence. From all these apparently childish but really very serious and dangerous experiences of herding men in close contact I have concluded that the great secret of selecting men for Arctic and Antarctic work is to choose those who from the beginning have naturally taken to the study of nature and who are enthusiastic.

The "sea lawyer" or the sailor who, through experience, can allow himself a great many disloyal actions without coming into contact with sea law, is the worst element in a ship's crew or staff for Polar work. One undesirable man in an expedition of this kind can make a great deal of mischief. There are often hovering about Arctic or Antarctic enterprises before they start, while fitting out, both scientific and commercial speculators, not directly connected with the expedition, who will lose no opportunity to meddle with staff and crew if they get the chance, for the purpose of stealing some of the results or for the purpose of furthering a similar enterprise in the wake of the pioneer. But these risks and difficulties must be faced by the organizer and leader of any independent expedition, and, after all, are but a useful ice-pack of civilization to be encountered before meeting the Antarctic ice and the horrors of the white land of mystery.

Editorial Notes

"The Southern Cross Expedition"

In COLLIER'S WEEKLY, issue of March 15, Commander Borchgrevink relates, in a most interesting article, the narrative of his daring dash for the South Pole—a feat which has won for him and his companions the admiration of the world. The article which appears in the current number takes up one of the most interesting phases of Polar exploration, and conveys some idea of the gigantic obstacles to be overcome by men who go down into that mysterious country of darkness and solitude.

The Illness of Governor Taft

It was the purpose of the Editor to present to the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, in this issue, an article on "The True Condition of Affairs in the Philippines" from the pen of our able Governor-General of the Islands, Hon. William H. Taft. Unfortunately, the sudden indisposition of Governor Taft made it impossible for him to complete the article up to the time of going to press. With the recovery of our distinguished contributor, the Editor hopes to present the promised article in an early issue.



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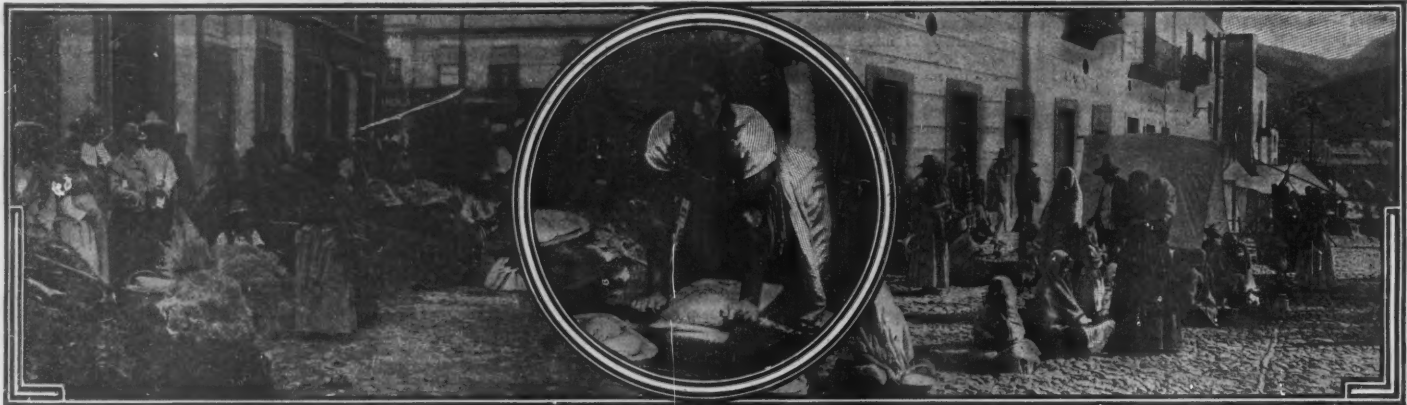
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EASTER FESTIVITIES IN MEXICO CITY

BY COURTESY OF C. B. WAITE, PHOTOGRAPHER, MEXICO CITY



Holy Saturday in the City of Mexico—The Ceremony of Hanging Judas in the City Streets



Peons Offering Decorations for Sale

Making Tortillas

Selling Tortillas on the Pavement



"House-Gods"

Selling Judas at Public Auction



The "Elevation of Judas"

A Daring Feat—Coasting down Popocatepetl

Breaking the Easter Pinata

Curious Easter and Feast-Day rites are celebrated all over Mexico during certain times of the year, particularly on Holy Saturday. The population of the cities and towns enter into the spirit of the occasion with the greatest zeal, while the spectacles afford tourists an interesting insight into the curious manners and customs of this ancient and wonderful country and people

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I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can the obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. I am a regular practicing physician, having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you: First, I send you a blank to fill out, when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs or sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from 5 to 5 pounds weekly, according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment if necessary. When you have reduced

your flesh to the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, you will feel years younger. Ailment of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person. All correspondence strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for my new book on obesity, its cause and cure—I will convince you.

HENRY C. BRADFORD, M. D.
24 East 23d Street, New York.

Easter-tide in Mexico City

NEXT to Guadalupe Day, December 12, probably the greatest festival of the Mexicans comes at Easter-tide. Christmas-time has its nine days of Poesadas, and there are celebrations of All Saints' and All Souls' days in the fall, but the great time of public display and elaborate jollification is on the day when the traitor Judas is hanged in effigy, and hundreds of figures of the false disciple are subjected to all the forms of revilement and derision that the vivid and enthusiastic imagination of the Mexicans can devise.

The spectacular in all its forms always delights the Mexican, and at this happy season of the celebration of the Resurrection the pomp of the church display is supplemented by performances in the streets that fill the day, for the great majority of the people, with merriment and enjoyment. Long before the arrival of the great day itself the evidences of its approach begin to appear about the streets in the shape of the grotesque figures meant to represent the betrayer of the Saviour. On them the devout Mexicans, and those as well who are not devout, are ready to inflict all sorts of punishment for the crime of the wicked Judas. These manikins are of all sizes and shapes—long and thin, short and fat, hunch-backed, distorted and twisted, wrought in whatever fashion may please the fancy of the humble artisans who make them. The simple constructive genius that is required for the creation of these effigies seems to belong to the common people of all degrees, for they all have them for sale, and for days before Easter the figures are hawked about the streets of the cities and villages. The figures are made of light framework, of wood usually, sometimes of wire, and covered with fantastically colored clothing. Stuffed heads, painted in ridiculous representation of the human face, surmount these frames, usually without covering or head-dress of any sort. Some of the more pretentious effigies are rudely carved out of wood, but these are too heavy and too clumsy to be popular in competition with the framework creations. One constantly sees men and women of the lower class wandering about the streets of the City of Mexico with what seem to the casual observer to be rough, gigantic dolls, and, during Holy Week, the bargaining in effigies of Judas goes on early and late from one end of the city to the other.

Then, as the time for the public revilement of the traitor comes on, wires are strung across the streets and arrangements are made for the elevation of the manikins wherever there will be a good place for the crowd to get at them or it will be safe to have a little bonfire. To these wires the figures are attached, and when the crowds pour out of the churches after the Easter morning services there is a rush to inflict all manner of indignity upon Judas. He is beaten, buffeted and cursed, hooted and jeered, derided with all the picturesque and teeming volubility of the pelados or common people, and at last either dragged down and torn into bits or gloriously burned up. All carriage traffic on the San Francisco and Plateros Street, the main street of the capital, is stopped, and the whole thoroughfare given over to this celebration.

After Judas has been maltreated sufficiently to satisfy the crowds and the streets resume again their wonted appearance, there is another form of amusement, in which many of the people participate, even the best people of the city. This, however, is not a public celebration like the revilement of Judas. In the evening there are many little parties, sometimes only a family by itself, where piñata-breaking is the principal amusement. A piñata, literally, is a pot or pitcher. But it has come to mean a sort of receptacle for candies and sweets which is concealed in some gaudy contraption so that the exact location of the goody box is not known. The receptacle is usually made of cheap pottery, so that it can be smashed. It is filled with goodies and with pennies for the children, and then the whole thing is suspended from the ceiling in such a manner that it can swing back and forth. It may be in the form of a cornucopia or box, or in any shape that happened to please the maker.

When the guests are all assembled and ready for the sport to begin, one of them is blindfolded and then armed with a stout club. The piñata is set swinging, and the blindfolded one is expected to break it with the club. He has three tries, and as the receptacle of the sweets is usually pretty solid, he tries to hit it a good substantial blow. The result not infrequently is that he misses the piñata, loses his balance and goes sprawling, to the great delight of the spectators and especially the children. Then when some one of the revellers finally manages to get in the good blow that smashes the piñata there is a grand scramble, the children going after the pennies and candies, but the older folks are restricted to the sweets. This form of amusement is also greatly in vogue at Christmas.

O. K. DAVIS,
Our Special Correspondent in Mexico City.

FRIED ONIONS

Indirectly Caused the Death of the World's Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gormand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of stomach it is claimed also, was probably caused from his excessive indulgence in this fondness for the odorous vegetable.



The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion, some stomachs lack pepsin, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack hydrochloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food, and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

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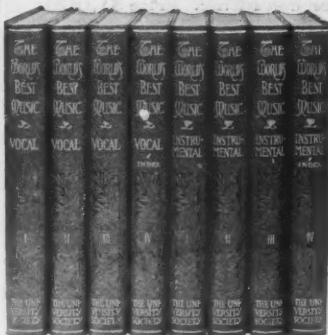
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Do not delay. You cannot tell what may happen to the man who drinks, and you would never forgive yourself for waiting.

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Candidates of the Columbia crew on the rowing machine, coached by Ned Hanlan

Sports of the Amateur

Edited by WALTER CAMP

COLUMBIA'S CREW PREPARES

THERE never was a time in the history of Ned Hanlan's rowing when he was not studying upon the problem of how to make that boat of his travel a little faster and a little easier and just a bit further than any other man in the same length of time and by a less expenditure of effort. Since the former champion took up the coaching of eight-oared shell crews he has been as studious as ever, and those who met the Columbia crews last year had every reason to regard him and them as decidedly dangerous factors. The indoor work this winter has been devoted to a still further carrying out of Hanlan's idea of conserving all possible energy in the men, and by rigging and stroke so applying the power as to keep the shell running.

PENNSYLVANIA'S CREW

Pennsylvania put her crew on the water, after some winter work on the machines, in very good physical condition and with an excellent idea of what Ward wishes to accomplish in the way of methods. It is going to be hard work to get together a crew the equal of that which, although beaten, did so well at Henley last year. Gardner was a remarkable stroke, and to find a man who shall fill his position is going to be a difficult matter. Already the men considered are Zane, who rowed in the Henley crew last year, where he did well, and Shisler, last year's freshman, while there is some talk of Garvan. Garvan is the tallest of the three, but all are powerful and will weigh about 160 pounds apiece.

The Annapolis race will come on the 3d of May, and the second crew race will be rowed on the Schuylkill the last day of May.

HOCKEY: N. Y. A. C. 1 HOCKEY CLUB 0

The most interesting match of the season, and by all odds the most stubbornly contested, was that between the New York Athletic Club and the Hockey Club of New York at the St. Nicholas Skating Rink, March 13. The usual time of the halves is twenty minutes each, and this, as a rule, is sufficient to settle the merits of the two contending parties. During that time, however, neither side could score, and the extra period of ten minutes followed, and in that time neither side could force the puck into the goal of the other. A second additional period was played, and almost at the moment when time would have been called again, Clark of the New York Athletic Club set the crowd wild by turning the tables for his team with a shot into the Hockey Club's goal. The score was made in a rather remarkable way, for the puck had been going up and down the rink again and again, and in this second extra period the New York play-

ers had made a most sustained attack on the Hockey Club's goal. Carruthers got the ball away from Russell of the Hockey Club and carried it up toward the Hockey Club's goal. He made a try at it, but Newton, cover-point of the Hockey Club, got in the way and it glanced off his skate. Clark, however, who was following up Carruthers, came on to the puck and drove it through past Ellison, finishing the game and putting the New York Athletic Club into the finals against the Crescent Athletic Club.

YALE 5 HARVARD 3

Yale and Harvard, having finished first and second respectively in the games of the Intercollegiate Series, earned the right to play a series of their own, which began with a match at the St. Nicholas Rink on Friday night, March 14. Yale had already defeated Harvard in the Intercollegiate Series, and repeated that success, scoring 5 goals to Harvard's 3. The game was a hard-fought one and showed some fast work. At the beginning there was a repetition of some of the tripping for which, in the former match, the Cambridge men had been criticised, and Pruyn of Harvard was sent to the bench. This stirred matters up, and toward the end of the first half the Yale captain, Stoddard, received the same penalty.

Harvard's aggressive work at the very outset hurried the Yale team, and Windsor had a try for goal, but he missed. Rumsey and Pruyn of Harvard each had a crack at it, but Stearns, the Yale goal, stopped them both. Then Yale commenced to follow the puck and carried it up to the other end of the rink, where Snow had a try, but Manning, the Harvard goal-tend, proved equal to the occasion. Then Rumsey came down and out of a scrimmage and sent the puck straight into the Yale net for the first score for Harvard. Yale thereupon steadied down to better team work; Stoddard came working in well with Potter, who got two good shots at the Harvard end, but Manning was on hand and stopped both. Then Yale began to come down again, and Potter passing the ball to Stoddard in front of the goal, the Yale captain sent it through. Potter got a goal and Stoddard got 3 more, making 5 for Yale, while Pruyn and Windsor added each one for Harvard, making the final score 5 to 3 in Yale's favor.

BASIS FOR PLAY AT GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

At a meeting of the executive committee of the United States Golf Association new by-laws were adopted providing for the pairing of the preliminary round at match play in the championships. The basis arranged is as follows:

The first 64 players shall be ranked in accordance with the scores made by them in the medal play round—equal scores to be numbered as they stand on the score sheet. Player No. 1 is then to be paired with player No. 33, the two constituting pair No. 1; player No. 2 with player No. 34, constituting pair No. 2. Odd-numbered players shall be placed in the first half and even-numbered players in the second half. Pair No. 1 shall be placed at the head of the first half and pair No. 2 at the head of the second half, pair No. 3 at the foot of the first half and pair No. 4 at the foot of the second half, and so on alternately.

CROSS-COUNTRY MEETING

There is no more healthful sport in the category of intercollegiate athletics than cross-country running, but the interest taken in it is not nearly as great as it ought to be. It is the cross-country running which develops distance runners, and distance runners have been for some time the weakest part of the American athletic teams. It is a noted fact that the Englishmen turn out more "stayers" on the average than the Americans. A great deal of that is due to their cross-country work.

The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Cross-Country Running Association is, therefore, of particular interest to those who follow college sport. This meeting was held in New York the middle of March, and Roberts of Yale was elected president, Judd of Cornell secretary, Wright of Princeton treasurer, and Dozgo of Columbia manager. A

special meeting was called for May 30 to make arrangements for the annual Thanksgiving Day meet.

POLO MEETING

The regular annual meeting of the National Polo Association will be held at the Metropolitan Club April 15. It is said that the Western members of the Association will endeavor to repeat their golfing triumph by securing the national championship, but it is doubtful if they succeed. The rules are also likely to undergo some change, and it is said there will probably be considerable discussion on the point of the introduction of a measure forbidding the borrowing of players. Furthermore, following the lines of harmony, it is probable that some of the rules will be altered to conform more nearly with the regulations in England, France and India, where offside play is not allowed, but where hooking of mallets is permitted.

CORNELL ATHLETIC COUNCIL

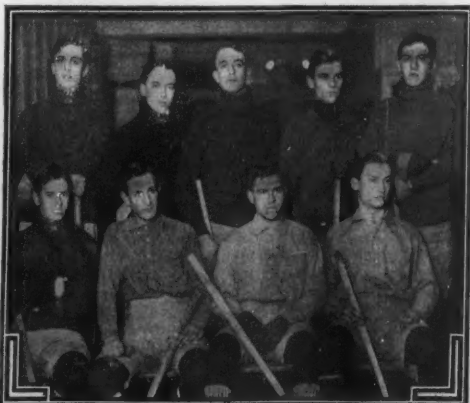
There seems to be some discussion at Cornell as to the method of electing the faculty members to the Athletic Council. So long as Dean White was president of the Council the affection and respect of every one for him, whether athlete or non-athlete, prevented any discussion from arising, but last fall Professor White accepted a professorship in German at Harvard University, where he will go this year, and it is, therefore, necessary for him to resign his position on the Council. Immediately after this there was printed a communication to the effect that it would be a wise policy to select Professor White's successor by ballot, each man who was entitled to wear the Cornell "C" being allowed one vote. This has given rise to some suggestion as to new plans for selecting members of the Athletic Council.

COLUMBIA WATER POLO

That swimming, as a sport, is becoming popular among the students of American educational institutions is shown by the competitive interest which has been taken, this past year, in the intercollegiate championships of water polo and relay swimming which were held at the various Sportsmen's Shows in Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston. Among the large universities, Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and Columbia have teams, and many of the preparatory schools and schools of technology have been represented in competition this winter.

Out of seven intercollegiate events in these sports during this season, Columbia has won six, and has demonstrated the superiority of her teams in this branch of athletics. In water polo a particularly good showing was made, for in all the competitions not one goal was scored against the team.

WALTER CAMP.



Yale Hockey Team, Intercollegiate Champions



Columbia Water Polo Team, Winners Intercollegiate Championship

HOW TO BREATHE

FOR
**Health,
Strength
and Endurance**

READ
**LUNG and
MUSCLE
CULTURE**

The most instructive book ever published on
the vital subject of
Breathing and Exercise
Book is fully illustrated and contains a chart of
exercises for the development of the
Lungs and Muscular System.
Book and Chart 25c.
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1121 Hartford Bldg., Union Square, New York
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, "BREAKING A CHAIN."

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Win Everything



Two Machines entered.
Two Machines receive first certificate.
Two Machines make higher average than any
other machines made in America—our record in New
York and Buffalo endurance test.
First Prize Long Island endurance test, 100 miles
without a stop.
First Prize Cup Five-Mile speed contest, Fort
Lie track, Buffalo, N. Y.
First Prize Cup Ten-Mile speed contest, Point
Grasse track, Detroit, Mich.

Gold Medal Pan-American Exposition

Every machine we have ever entered in any contest has won first
place. No failure marks our record. We believe this is not true of
any other make in the world. Write for catalogue describing our
two and four passenger vehicles.

The HAYNES-APPERSON CO.
KOKOMO, IND., U.S.A.



ELECTRIC Handy Farm Wagons

make the work easier for both the man and team.
The tires being wide they do not cut into the ground;
the labor of loading is reduced many times, because
of the short lift. They are equipped with our famous
Electric Steel Wheel, either straight or stagger
spokes. Wheels any height from 24 to 60 inches.
White hickory axles, steel hounds. Guaranteed to
carry 4000 lbs. Why not get started right by putting
in one of these wagons. We make our steel wheels
to fit any wagon. Write for the catalog. It is free.
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The Only Bicycle Improvement in Two Years



**PIERCE
PARLOR CAR
CYCLE**

SPRINGS on
Both Ends, like
a car truck, the
world's stand-
ard of easy
riding.

Special Price
to agents in
unoccupied
territory.

This shows an actual test:
the "Parlor Car" rider rode comfortably over
the ties as fast as the rider of a plain wheel on
the path whose hands shook visibly.

Our Hygienic Frame made cycles
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rigid in steering—easy as
a buggy in riding, as superior
as a brougham to a dirt cart.
We make a complete line
of highest grade chain or
chainless cycles, with or
without these features.

GEO. N. PIERCE COMP'Y, Buffalo, N. Y.

**\$3.28 FOR THIS
REVOLVER**

Harrington & Richardson's "Premier"
Automatic double action,
self-cocking,
hard rubber
stocks,
finely
finished.

Write
for our
complete
catalogue of Guns,
Rifles, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle, Golf
and Bicycle supplies of all kinds.

STARK & WECKESSER, 47 S. Main St., Dayton, O.

Racing Tipsters

By Wilfred P. Pond

A FEW YEARS ago the racing tipster, the man who has greater knowledge than the seventh son of a seventh daughter, was almost unknown. In those days the "tout" who infested the track, with his claim of special information, was supreme.

His game was to find as many men as there were horses in a race, and get each man to place a bet on a different horse, so that, whatever won, the tout could always have one successful client. These men had a marvellous memory: they never mistook the winning man and never failed to meet him as he went to cash. The tout was crowded out by the close supervision of the track officials, and also by the increased personal knowledge and interest of the individual player in his own judgment. Then arose the "turf advisers," whose name is now legion.

"TURF ADVISERS"

The first was a "Mr. Franklin S. Brooks," an Englishman, who was one season a minor official at the Gloucester track. He later landed in New York without a cent, borrowed twenty dollars from a friend, spent it in advertising his "racing tips," and within four weeks had over eight thousand dollars. This is a fact, and is stated to show the scope of this branch of industry.

A that time Brooks had the entire field to himself. The first season he was phenomenally lucky, but later his clients fell by the wayside. Afterward he appeared at various addresses on Fifth Avenue and at Gravesend as "Mr. Ridgway Griffiths," etc., and finally died with almost a competence.

This induced quite a number to enter the arena, with varying success, until to-day they are legion, as shown by the advertising in the racing press. Some of these are straightforward in their statements of what they accomplish, but the great bulk are very clever in their statements. "A lie which is all a lie may be dealt with outright; but a lie that is half a truth is a harder matter to fight." Some are self-convicted in their own statements. For instance:

FOOLING THE COUNTRY

Three years ago a firm in Chicago fooled the country with an exceedingly well-prepared pamphlet calling attention to their turf information, offering to send it for ten dollars a week, or to accept sums from twenty dollars upward and invest it on a basis of ten per cent commission. The pamphlet had a number of reproductions of fine oil paintings which, it was claimed, were those of noted horses owned by the firm, which pictures were hanging in the firm's offices at Chicago.

Unfortunately the pictures were world-known as the property of the English Jockey Club, the riders had on English colors, and in one case the starter wore a frock-coat and a high silk hat, something never seen on the American turf. Further, this was just after the infamous E. S. Dean swindle in stocks, and the pamphlet contained five pages verbatim from the Dean circular, simply substituting "racing" for the word "stocks."

An expert analysis of the tables showing profits disclosed a most philanthropic attitude for the firm. They were spending much money in office expenses and for clerks, stationery and mail, and offering to do a great amount of work on a ten per cent basis, when their own figures conclusively showed that a capital of less than one hundred dollars in May, handled according to their plan, would, in December, have made a profit of over five hundred thousand dollars. That is to say, they claimed to invest five per cent of the gross capital on each bet made.

Now if the bet was steadily increased in proportion to the stated profits, as they were made, the snowball of a bet of five per cent of the capital in nine months would have made that amount of profit. Yet here was this firm of philanthropists putting this on one side, to make a profit for their fellow men, at great personal expense and trouble, simply for a paltry ten per cent personality! A page exposure in a New York paper, under the name of "Morris & Co.," killed them, but they speedily blossomed out again.

"DISCRETIONARY INVESTMENTS"

Last season another such firm opened in the Pulitzer Building, and made a public statement amounting to about the same thing in the way of preposterous profits, and last fall a firm in St. Louis sent out broadcast some of the most magnificent stationery matter ever seen in connection with any mercantile undertaking, to impress the racing and speculatively disposed public that they could do wonders with the "discretionary investments" of others.

They claimed to own horses—and did own a few miserable oat-worriers—which covered the legality of their claim. They not only ran these horses and gave information as to the chances of others, but they were also book-makers at the Southern and Western tracks, and claimed to be "satisfactorily working all ends of the game," as they phrased it.

In the West at the present time there is almost a national scandal bursting forth by the exposure of the fraudulent practices of a very smart firm of "Turf Bureau" operators, who, under promise of such ridiculously large profits as detailed above, have worked upon the outlying farming contingent the old game of paying dividends from steadily increasing subscriptions, until the endless chain has quickly rolled up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is very easy. Either a clever circular catches one farmer, or in some cases a stool-pigeon is sent out in the person of a farm hand, who gets work, and in a short time shows that he is making money from a turf investment in St. Louis or elsewhere. Money speaks in no uncertain notes, and when the unsophisticated see the weekly dividends coming along, they also invest, and brag of their smartness to others. Thus the ball steadily rolls, and, when large enough, is simply closed down upon and a fresh start made elsewhere.

"INSIDE INFORMATION"

Among those firms who do not take any "discretionary investment" money, but simply sell their information, other tactics are in use. They claim to know all kinds of turf secrets—when horses are intended to win, when the owners are going to back them personally, and hold themselves ready to give this priceless information to their clients at two to ten dollars a day.

They forget that when Michael F. Dwyer was at the very height of his success, racing at his own track, with his brother as judge, his protégé as starter, his own horses trained by himself, in two weeks he was nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of pocket, and that about the same time, when King Cadmus won "Pittsburg Phil" seventy-five thousand dollars one afternoon, "Phil" acknowledged being still one hundred and fifty thousand dollars behind his account. So much for "stable information," and knowledge of what owners are about to do. Smith last season acknowledged eighteen losing bets in succession.

One clever piece of work last season was the special advertising of a very long shot, which was to be 50 to 1 or thereabout, and only those paying a very large special price were to be given this "good thing," which was to win the second race. As it turned out the second race was won by a 7 to 5 favorite, but a 40 to 1 shot won the first race.

Then the firm came out with an advertised statement: "Our promised good thing was Blank, which won the first race yesterday. For reasons obvious to all our clients it was stated in the advance advertising to be in the second race." Unkind people said that compliments were due the clever advertisers, as it was practically obvious that they had not received a single subscription to their heavily priced special, but were able to get good advertising out of it nevertheless.

For the month of January the percentage of winners sent out by this firm—judging from specimen despatches seen by the writer—was only twenty-eight per cent, which was considerably less than the percentage of winners given in the selections of at least two New York papers costing respectively one and three cents each. Yet this information bureau claims to have exceptionally high-priced track watchers, handicappers, and what not, to ensure success, and its advertisements are modern classics.

MANY-TENTACLED FIRMS

To give an idea of the girth of this business, there is one firm in New York operating under three different names at the present time, selling information at various prices of from two dollars to five dollars a day. It has three offices, and intends to open branches under three other and different names, all of which the public will believe to be distinct persons. The idea of this is, that, as one name strikes in on a bad run of selections, the others will be doing well, and the business will simply switch itself around the same familiar hub, without injury to the "main guy."

There are of course reputable firms in this business, but, with one exception, they are little heard of. The public is not looking for a legitimate chance to make money in this direction. It would not entertain any proposition which could be defined as winning them a three hundred per cent profit in eight months if they operated according to certain directions. They want promises which are never fulfilled, but are so cleverly excused that they are more welcome than if fulfilled. A strange paradox, certified to by the way the patronage is retained!

It is the constant promise of the wagon hitched to the star that attracts and holds them, and the public is not conversant enough with track ethics and veritable statistics to see how clever the published statements juggle facts without deliberately misstating them. Even men old in turf matters occasionally

Pure Rye Whiskey

4 Full Quarts

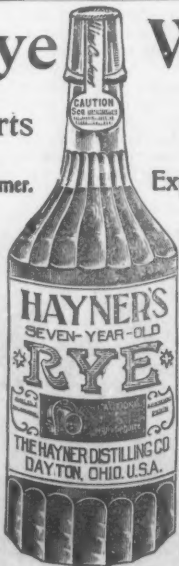
for \$3.20

Direct from Distiller to Consumer.

Express Charges Prepaid,

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration. If you want pure Whiskey, our offer will interest you.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20.



Our Distillery was established in 1866. We have enjoyed 33 years' continual growth until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey, which is an evidence of true merit. We give you absolutely pure Whiskey at the lowest possible cost. Such Whiskey as we offer for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

References—State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis, Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton, or any of the Express Companies.

Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., New Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 4 quarts by freight, prepaid.

WRITE TO NEAREST ADDRESS.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO. 226-232 W. Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio.
305-307 S. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Research Reinforces
Racycle's Reputation.
Riders Remember
RACYCLE



Reduced Rates to Resident Representatives to Ride Round and Request Rider's Remittances Receiving Rapid Remunerative Returns. Request Rates of Reward and Reprints of Royal Racycles.

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The Yotto
Lamp

Burns a mixture of
85% Air and 15% Gas

Thereby Reducing Gas Bills 85%

No chimney used. Household size, 75 candlepower, \$1.00 each complete. Sold by Gas Fitters, China and Dept. Stores all over U. S. If your dealer hasn't them, send us \$1.00 for one, carriage paid. Catalogue "O" FREE.

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GRAY HAIR RESTORED
"WALNUTTA" HAIR STAIN
is prepared from the juice of the Philippine island walnut, and restores Gray, Streaked, Faded or Bleached Hair, Eyebrows, Beard or Moustache to its original color instantaneously. Gives any shade from Light Brown to Black. Does not wash off nor rub off. Contains no poisons, and is not sticky or greasy. "Walnutta" Hair Stain will give more satisfactory results in one minute than all the hair restorers and hair dyes will in a lifetime. Price 60 cents a bottle, postpaid. To convince you of its merits we will send a sample bottle postpaid for 20c.

PACIFIC TRADING CO., Dist. Office III, St. Louis, Mo.

GLENN'S
SULPHUR
SOAP

No other soap has the same disinfecting properties. All druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

Daily used in toilet and bath, purifies, heals and prevents disease.

A PERFECT FORM

Send for the "Standard Chart of Physical Culture." Hang it on the wall of your bed-chamber. It shows you by carefully prepared illustrations and instructions how to develop your body to the ideal of perfection. Sent for 10c. in stamps or silver to cover expenses. State sex.

Fifth Avenue School of Physical Culture
Dept. R., 114 Fifth Ave., New York

Learn
to be an
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Writer

Men and Women Eligible. Positively the best three months' course of instruction. Under the personal direction of Chicago's expert ad writers. Write and get our special offer. Prospectus Free.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING
Record-Herald Building, Chicago.

\$3 a Day.

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.

Royal Manufacturing Co., Box 595, Detroit, Mich.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1

DRUGGISTS, or 234 William St., N. Y.

are deceived. Yet there is a strong and vital demand for such "information," and a prominent firm last year had, beyond doubt, for its clients, leading bankers, brokers, and some of the most prominent racing men in the country, not excepting millionaires owning stables. It is therefore no wonder that the "Information Bureau" is said to have netted nearly one hundred thousand dollars clear profit during the season, which information is coupled with the statement that the proprietor lost nearly the whole of it in personal bets. Showing that success lies not so much in giving a multiplicity of winners as in knowing how to play them. One day a turf bureau teaching this fact will arise, then bookmaking will become a lost art.

President Kruger in Holland

M. R. KRUGER'S favorite residence is a villa on the outskirts of Hilversum called "Casa Cara," and however plain the outside may appear, the interior is fitted with a sumptuousness which might cause the envy of an Eastern prince. Those of Mr. Kruger's entourage who are charged with attending to his affairs see that he does the thing in proper style. His slightest wish is law to those about him, and they attend upon him hand and foot.

When the weather permits, "Oom Paul" goes for a drive in his carriage, on the doors of which are emblazoned the arms of the Transvaal Republic—that was; and both coachman and footman wear the dark-green livery as in the days when the old man resided in Pretoria.

The arrival of the carriage at the house-door is the signal for a little knot of persons to gather around, for there are still some who are glad to get another look at the old man. He regularly attends the local church, and his presence acts as a draw, for when "Oom Paul" is present the church is sure to be full.

Apart from these two outings, Mr. Kruger is little seen in public, and he is said to be devoting his time to the writing of a book. If that book ever be published it will cause a sensation; for in its matters of state are said to be treated of, but in a very blunt manner, for bluntness is one of "Oom Paul's" characteristics.

Of course, Mr. Kruger is too illiterate to actually write the book himself, or even to dictate it in correct language; but those difficulties are overcome by employing a secretary. Mr. Kruger's own description of his education is that he is "not lettered but learned!" This is a stock phrase of his, which somebody or other has put into his mouth, and he employs it when it is necessary for him to make a speech in public.

The old ex-President eats, drinks, and smokes well; indeed, he is such an inveterate smoker that it might be said of him that when he is not actually engaged in the operation of taking his food and drink he holds a pipe in his mouth.

FOOD

A BLIND WANDERER

Didn't Know that Food Could Restore Her.

A well known writer uses Grape-Nuts as a tonic when feeling the effects of extra heavy work. She writes, "Grape-Nuts should be taken regularly as one would a tonic. I eat mine cold in the morning with hot milk or cream poured over it, and it is delicious, nourishing and strengthening."

Some time ago I said to a lady friend who was a great sufferer from dyspepsia and has been an invalid for five years, and who was a mere skeleton, "If I had only known, you sooner you need not have suffered all these years." She looked at me in surprise and asked me what I would have done. "I should have put you on Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food," I replied quite confidently. "Did you ever hear of it?" Oh yes she had heard of it but never tried it, as she had never had her attention called to it especially and had not thought it applied to her needs.

"Now," I said, "if you will just set about it and try Grape-Nuts for a week, three times a day, I will guarantee you will rise up and call me blessed."

She took my advice and followed it faithfully. When I saw her about a week later she looked like a different person although she had only gained two pounds in weight, but said she felt so much better and stronger and has greatly improved in health and strength since using the food.

She is getting well and you can imagine her delight is unbounded. My own experience and that of others is sufficient evidence of the scientific value of a food that supplies nourishment to the system and builds up the brain and nerve centers." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.—Adco.

A Cure for the Tobacco Habit.

Mrs. J. Kay, M. R., High Street, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered a harmless and inexpensive remedy for the tobacco habit, which has cured her husband and hundreds of others. Any druggist can put it up. The prescription and directions sent free for a stamp to pay postage.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



Terms to suit your convenience

"Neglected lie the polished darts,
When Cupid toys with glittering gems."—Byron
Cupid has laid aside his "polished darts" to make a capture with his Diamond lasso. When Diamonds lose their power to win a woman's favor, the game is closed.

Any Honest Person Can Wear A Genuine Diamond At Once

We will send for your inspection any Diamond ring, brooch, locket, earrings, scarf-pin, cuff-buttons or other article in our half-million-dollar stock and you may wear it monthly, just as you would put a part of your earnings in a savings bank. Diamonds will pay six times better than any savings bank. Your local jeweler, if he is posted, will tell you that an increase of at least 20 per cent in Diamond values is certain this year.

GOOD FAITH makes GOOD CREDIT. No matter where you live, if you are honest you may have all the courtesies of a **CONFIDENTIAL CHARGE ACCOUNT** on such monthly terms as your income will justify you in accepting. We require no cash in advance. We send Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry subject to approval—if you do not buy you are nothing out, for we pay all charges. We make it easy from start to finish.

WE ARE RELIABLE. Step into your local bank and ask how we are rated. They will refer to their Dun's or Bradstreet's book of commercial ratings, and tell you that we stand very high; that our guarantee is good, and further, that you may accept our representations without question. We make liberal exchanges at the full price paid us, when other goods or larger Diamonds are wanted.

OUR GREAT CASH OFFER. If you prefer to buy for cash, we give you a bill of sale, with the option of returning the Diamond at any time within one year and getting spot cash for full amount paid—less ten per cent, the reasonable cost of doing business. For example, you can wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a whole year for \$5, less than ten cents per week. No other house makes this offer, nor does any other house follow us in liberal terms and low prices.

DO NOT WASTE MONEY ON IMITATIONS. No person with an ounce of self-respect would wear an imitation Diamond. The amount you pay for a worthless imitation, would make the first payment and put you in possession of a Genuine Diamond whose value would constantly increase. Genuine Diamonds are the most easily convertible "cash asset" anyone can possess.

Write today for our illustrated CATALOGUE "F," which explains our Confidential Credit System, and terms. We send to all inquirers our unique Souvenir Pocket Piece and Calendar.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. DIAMOND IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURING JEWELERS
101-103-105-107 STATE STREET Opposite Marshall Field & Co. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

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Fits Any Lens. Precise as a Watch

This new shutter does anything the photographer can ask of it automatically; any desired exposure from Express Trains, Athletes and Race Horses to Time Exposures. The Smallest, Best Made, Most Scientific. All working parts enclosed.

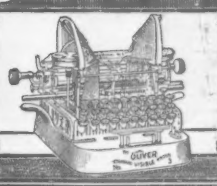
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Send for descriptive Booklet.

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Visible Writer.

Solidity apparent.
Durability unquestioned.
Record unequalled.
It writes in sight.
Investigation invited.
Art catalogue free.

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Any Young Man or Woman Can Earn a **BICYCLE FREE**

without interfering with present occupation, by riding and selling our **HIGH GRADE One Year GUARANTEED**

1902 "OAKWOOD" and "ARLINGTON"

In addition to FREE BICYCLE we will give **\$1,000.00 IN GOLD** to those making the **LARGEST SALES** in April, May and June, 1902

No Catalogues or circulars to distribute

BICYCLES FROM \$8.95 UPWARDS. All new styles; no second-hand wheels; no old models. Our highest priced 1902 "Oakwood," strong, graceful frame, seamless tubing, G. & J. tires, Garford saddle, adjustable handle bar. Everything guaranteed first-class. Only \$18.75. Equal to any wheel sold for \$50.00. You can sell it for \$25 the day you receive it. Write for particulars concerning **FREE BICYCLE and CASH PAYMENT of \$1,000.00.** Address **CASH BUYERS' UNION - Dept. D-47 - CHICAGO, ILLS.**

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A Sanatorium established in 1875 for the private care and medical treatment of **Drug and Alcoholic Addictions.**

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By the Great "Actina," an
Electrical Pocket Battery which
removes Cataracts, Presbyopia,
etc. Cures Granulated Lids. Restores Vision. Positive
proof of cures given. No Cutting or Drugging.
Fifteen years' success. Write for our 80-page Dictionary
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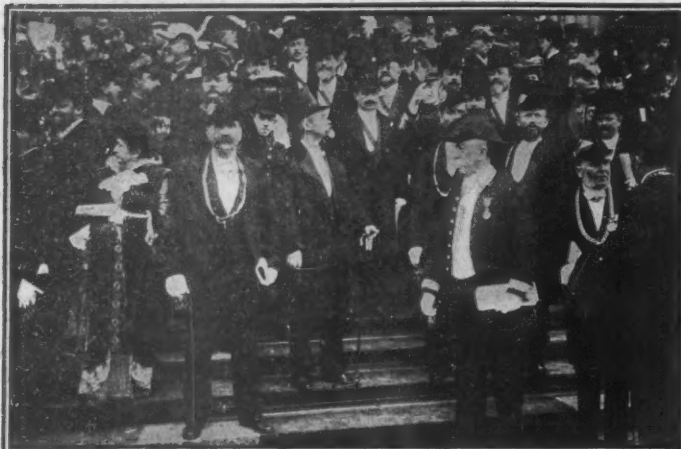
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PARIS HONORS THE MEMORY OF VICTOR HUGO

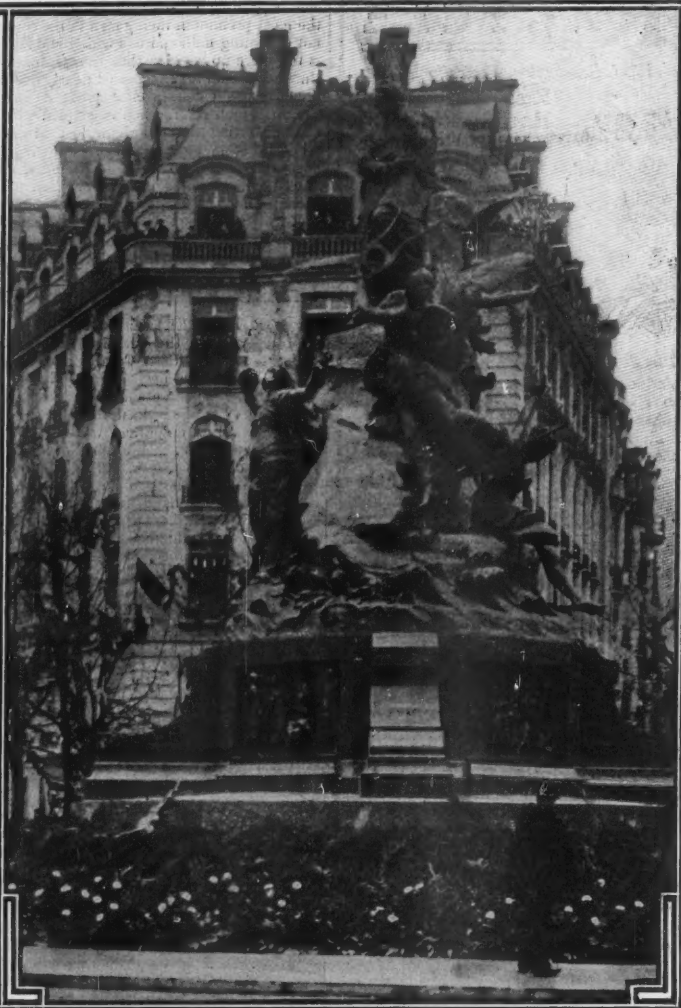
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT, V. GRIBAYEDOFF



A group photograph of the official and political celebrities who attended the Pantheon Ceremony. In the centre are Deschanel and the leaders of the Government Party in the Chamber; behind are all the Ambassadors



Victor Hugo's descendants: In the centre his only living grandson, Georges Hugo; to his right his granddaughter Jeanne (Madame Charcot); the little boy is Hugo's great-grandchild



The Victor Hugo Monument, in the Place Victor Hugo, as it appeared during the inauguration, February 26, in the presence of a great multitude



The prefect accepting the statue commemorating the great French poet on behalf of the City of Paris. President Loubet is seated before the speaker



The Ceremony in the Pantheon. The President and Government Members in the distance; the famous Court of Cassation on the left

The festivities to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo opened in Paris, February 25, with a grand ceremony in the Pantheon, under the auspices of the government. President Loubet and the members of the Cabinet, Senate, and Chamber of Deputies, the Institute and other State bodies, including the leading lights of art, science and literature of France, were present. There was an immense concourse to witness the inauguration of the monument to Victor Hugo by M. Louis Barrias, erected on the Place Victor Hugo. The centenary was celebrated throughout France and in European capitals generally



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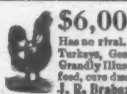


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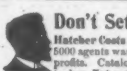
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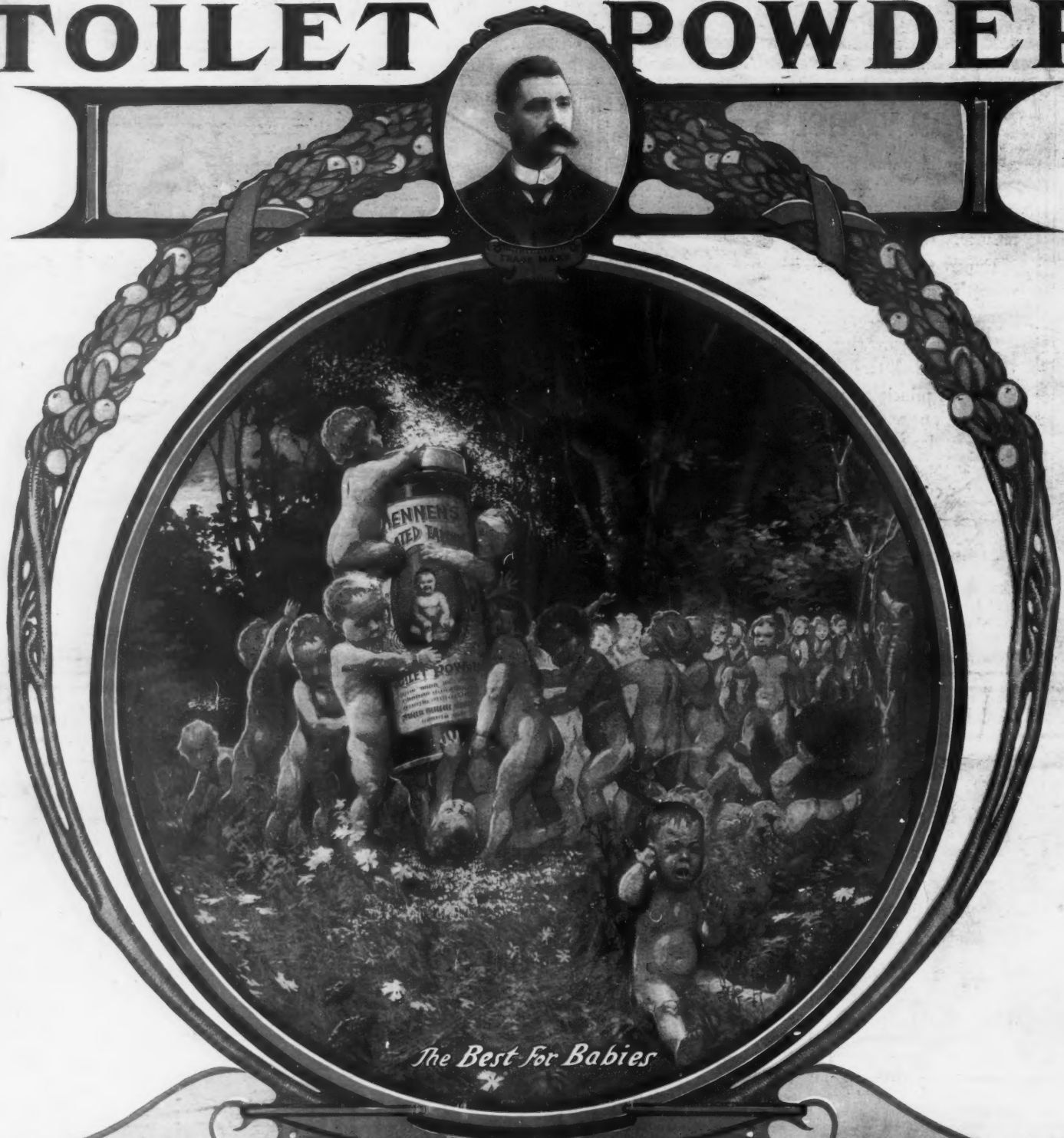
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